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THE  
Lady's Miscellany ;

OR,

PLEASING ESSAYS, POEMS, STORIES,  
AND EXAMPLES,

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT

OF

THE FEMALE SEX IN GENERAL,  
IN EVERY STATION OF LIFE.

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BY  
GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE RURAL CHRISTIAN, PLEASING MELAN-  
CHOLY, &c. &c.

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In this small Tract, intended for the Fair,  
Pleasure and Profit truly blended are.

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LONDON :  
PRINTED FOR CHAPMAN AND CO.  
NO. 161, FLEET-STREET.

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1793.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following Treatise contains pleasing  
essays, useful rules, directions, and in-  
structive lessons for Ladies in every relation  
and condition in life; to regulate their con-  
duct, improve their understandings, and enter-  
tain their leisure moments, whether in the  
single or married state; selected chiefly from  
fugitive publications in prose and verse.

*John Street,*  
*July 14, 1793.*

*Just Published,*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

Price bound 2s. 6d.

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PLEASING MELANCHOLY;

OR,

A WALK AMONG THE TOMBS,

IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD;

IN THE STYLE AND MANNER OF

HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS:

To which are added,

EPITAPHS, ELEGIES, and INSCRIPTIONS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

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Dedicated, with Permission, to

SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CHAPMAN AND CO. BOOKSELLERS,  
NO. 161, FLEET-STREET.

AN APOLOGY  
FOR  
PUBLISHING THE ENSUING TREATISE.

“ *Amusement's the Word.*”

THE amusements of too many in the present day, seem more calculated for pleasure than profit. Methinks some female readers exclaim, “ What are amusements intended for but pleasure, “ think ye, Mr. Wiseacre?—The word itself con-“ veys the same idea, and every body knows when “ we are amused we are pleased; now then, good “ Sir, what can you say more to, or how can you “ make more of, this afore-mentioned fashionable “ term *amusement*? ”

To which I would reply, “ It may be, though “ God knows too seldom is, made *profitable* as well “ as pleasant; for instance, when a lady amuses “ herself in reading *historical, geographical, or reli-*“ *gious* treatises, she is likely to be much *profited* “ by such an amusement.”

“ Oh! ” says a young lady, “ I thought some-“ thing about *religion* would be said, or it would “ not be the *pious* G. W.’s writing.”

“ Indeed,” says another, “ he is not worth “ minding, for I’ll be bound for it he is only some “ poor, cracked-brained, methodistical madman, “ whose

“ whose head has been turned by Tabernacle  
“ ravings.”

But this is only idle talk: Let me be what I will, sense is sense, whether spoken or written by a wise man or a fool. I do say, and will stand to it, that reading well-chosen books not only may please, but also profit; provided the subjects treated on, are more addressed to the *understanding*, than to the *fancy* of the reader. Novels, romances, and various similar productions, I cannot but except against, because of their general tendency to inflame the imagination, rather than to mend and improve the heart.

Methinks a lady, with some warmth, exclaims,  
“ What! would the man have us be reading no-  
“ thing but the *Bible* from morning till night?”—  
“ No,” my good madam, “ there is no occasion  
“ for that neither; but if persons are really de-  
“ sirous to improve in knowledge and understand-  
“ ing, they certainly should engage in no exercises,  
“ or amusements, but what are likely to be *pro-  
“ fitable as well as pleasing.*”

How far the ensuing Treatise is calculated to answer these desirable purposes, must be left to the decision of the judicious reader; but this the Editor is certain of, it has been his study and endeavour to make it so; and he hopes the various useful and entertaining subjects treated of, will prove he has not altogether missed his aim.

G. W.

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THE

THE  
LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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ON THE STUDIES

MOST ORNAMENTAL TO THE

FAIR SEX.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY

OF FAMILY AND FORTUNE.

FOR the improvement of female manners, something more must be necessary than the mere acquisition of knowledge ; and this something I take to be the cultivation of *benevolence* and *sincerity*. An infinite number of virtues will spring from these valuable roots. The love of human kind will make you a friend to every fellow-creature ; and, together with the approbation of your own heart, general esteem and admiration will be your reward. The love of truth will always save you from affectation, and all its disagreeable consequences. Sacrifice at the shrine of Nature, and rather borrow from *her* your manners and sentiments, than from the fantastic humours of fashion. From her, likewise, borrow your knowledge, and not from the labour of the schools. She will give you no narrow or illiberal ideas of her great author.

Be such writers, therefore, your study, as have written naturally, and who attempt to explain the operations of nature through all the pleasing variety

B

of

of her works ; such as have shewn the wisdom, the economy, the prudence, the benevolent purposes of her works. The contemplation of such objects gives the mind a large and liberal turn ; lays a foundation for the most rational piety, and reconciles us to all the allotments of human life, when we behold the superintendence of a wise and benevolent power, over every department of the universe.

Next to natural philosophy, the history of men and manners will merit your attention. Various are the advantages to be derived from this course of reading. A celebrated writer of antiquity has observed, that he who is ignorant of what happened before his own times is still a child.

Ignorance is the characteristic of childhood, and the mind that is uninformed, at whatever period of life, is still in a puerile state.

From the knowledge of past events and their causes ; from attending to the economy of Providence in the external and internal government of the world ; by tracing the progress of science, and the gradual improvement of the mind, we learn to form just conceptions of human actions and opinions, to make the best use of reason in foreseeing the consequences of principles yet unpractised ; to enlarge and liberalize our religious sentiments, while we contemplate the Supreme Being in the capacity of an universal Parent ; and to see what moral perfection the human mind is capable of, when man in his savage, and in his civilized state, is distinctly presented to our view.

These are enquiries truly worthy of a rational creature.

Despise

Despise the sneer of superficial foppery, that is ever jealous of superior sense, and dreads the knowledge of a woman, on account of its own ignorance. If you are not without hopes of being united to a man of an accomplished mind, qualify yourself for his company. Let him not be obliged to consider his wife merely as a *domestic*, useful in her appointment; but make him esteem her as a rational companion, whose conversation may enliven the hours of solitude, and who, with a mind not vacant, or unfurnished, may, like the householder in the Gospel, *bring forth out of her treasure things both new and old*; so shall happiness attend your days on earth, as a pleasing foretaste of that eternal felicity, I trust you will enjoy in heaven when time shall be no more.

---

ON FEMALE BEAUTY,  
HEIGHTENED BY VIRTUE.

IT is a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by *virtue*, and commanding our esteem and love, while it justly draws out our admiration! Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she, who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any *mental* qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a *picture*, but not to triumph as a beauty.

Well may the description of *Marcia*, in the tragedy of *Cato*, be recommended to the serious at-

tention and regard, of every female candidate for virtue and reputation.

True, she is fair ; O ! how divinely fair !  
 But then the lovely maid improves her charms,  
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
 And sanctity of manners.

THE DANGER OF  
 FEMALE BEAUTY,  
 FROM FLATTERERS.

MISLED by unmeaning compliments, and extravagant encomiums on fading beauty, perhaps the possessor of it, not having Minerva (the goddess of wisdom) at her elbow, may be tempted to think of herself more highly than she ought to think ; and, from being addressed on the footing of a goddess in courtship, she may think herself entering into Elysium, when she enters the pales of wedlock. But, alas ! when the imaginary deity is dwindled into a mere wife, and she becomes the property of a weak or tyrannical husband, what, before marriage, he called immortal charms, he looks down on with contempt, and all her excellencies are frittered away to a mere nothing.

THE SOURCE OF LOVE.

VIRTUE should guard the tender fair,  
 From man's deceptive, flatt'ring snare ;  
 Prudence direct her wav'ring youth,  
 And teach her feet the path of truth ;  
 And modesty, in outward mien,  
 Should speak the harmless soul within ;

Honour

Honour protect her virgin heart  
From every low, insidious art ;  
And soft good-nature ever roll,  
Its tender impulse in her soul :  
And when these excellencies join'd,  
Proclaim the beauty of her mind,  
This composition's sure to prove,  
The source of harmony and love.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR LADIES

## TO RENDER THEMSELVES TRULY AMIABLE.

*HISTORY* and *Natural Philosophy*, are alone sufficient to furnish a woman with an agreeable kind of study ; the latter, in a series of useful observations and interesting experiments, offers a spectacle well worthy the consideration of a reasonable being. In vain, however, does nature present her miracles to the generality of women, who have no attention but to trifles : she is dumb to those who know not how to address her with interrogations.

There is scarcely a young Lady who has not read, with avidity, a great number of idle romances and puerile tales, sufficient to corrupt her imagination, and cloud her understanding. Had she devoted the same time to the study of history, she would, in those varied scenes which the world offers to view, have found facts more interesting and instructing. What preservation is there against weariness and disgust, in the society of women of weak and unimproved understandings ? in vain do they endeavour to fill the void of their conversation with insipid gaiety ; they soon exhaust the various funds of fashionable trifles, the news of the day, and hack-

neyed compliments ; and are at length obliged to have recourse to scandal.

If Ladies of the first rank would condescend to form their taste upon the best authors, and collect ideas from their useful writings, conversation would take another turn ; their acknowledged merit would banish that swarm of noisy, illiterate coxcombs who flutter about them, and who endeavour to render them as contemptible as themselves ; men of sense and learning would then be glad of their company.

The arts in themselves are too amiable to need any recommendation \* ; all the objects they offer to their view have some analogy with women, and are, like them, adorned with the brightest colours. It surely requires but a small degree of attention, to be struck with that wonderful harmony which reigns throughout the universe, and to be ambitious of investigating its secret springs. This is a large volume which is opened to all ; here a pair of beautiful eyes may be employed without being tired ; this amusement will banish languor from the sober amusements of the country, and repair that waste of intellect which is caused by the dissipation of the town.

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ON THE EDUCATION OF A  
TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY A SHOPKEEPER.

MY wife and I have had a very smart debate about the education of our only daughter, who has

\* *Music, Drawing, and Painting, are pleasing accomplishments for Ladies of fortune.*

just entered her *thirteenth* year. As I am a man in trade, I do not think *music* and *dancing* absolutely necessary for my child, to mis-spend her time in; but her mother is of a different opinion, and tells me, that no young woman is fit to go into company who has not both those accomplishments at her fingers' ends. Now, for my part, I think that is one substantial reason why she should learn neither the one nor the other, as girls rather want to be taught something to keep them out of company, than to qualify them for running from one place to another all day long.

In former times, I have been told, she was most esteemed who was the best housewife; I have been told too that, in former times, women went abroad but seldom; I am sure things are quite otherwise now: I will not say that those women are most liked who are the greatest gadders abroad; but of this I am certain, the generality of them are seldom at home, and yet account themselves to be good domestic creatures. As to my Betsy's learning to tinkle the keys of a spinnet, thrum the strings of a guittar, or daub a piece of paper with the appearance of something, that is not the likeness of any thing either in heaven or on earth, I think it would be quite wasting time, which was not given to be thrown away.

I am of opinion, that the being taught something to make her useful to her parents, and to her husband, (if she gets one,) is the best education for a *tradesman's* daughter; and if many girls, much superior to her, were so educated, it would be better for them. A woman who puts her hand to every thing is no disgrace to any Gentleman's family: besides,

besides, it is so uncommon now-a days, that I wonder it is not more approved of on that account ; and so I told my wife the other day, who, between you and I, would not be the worse if she knew a little more herself ; that is, I mean in the *useful* way.

I do not mean trailing of silk upon muslin, flouncing of gauze, and crimping of wires ; but making my shirts, and the household linen, and now and then mixing a pudding, and tossing a pancake, when the maid is doing the drudgery of the house, or when we have no maid at all, which is often the case ; my wife spends so much time in dressing, that she cannot be of the least service in the kitchen ; so that my dinner is often quite spoiled for want of being looked after ; and sometimes I wait so long for it, that there is scarce any distance between it and my supper ; when I complain of these grievances, my wife tells me it is quite vulgar to dine early, and that all genteel people keep late hours, as if a man's stomach could be governed by fashion : besides, that word *genteel*, has done more mischief than any word I know. In short, what is called genteel is, in my opinion to do every thing you should not do, and not one thing you should.

But though I thought I talked sense, when I told my wife, that I believed our daughter sufficiently genteel to be the wife of an honest industrious tradesman, yet they both made mouths at me, which provoked me to such a degree, that I asked my wife if she intended to bring up the girl to marry a Lord ; adding, that, for my part, I had but a poor opinion of such gentry, who, excepting one here and there, made worse husbands than a good cobler.

ON THE HAPPINESS OF THE  
MARRIAGE STATE.

A HUNTSMAN was leading forth his hounds, one morning, to the chace, and had linked several of the young dogs in couples, to prevent their following every scent, and hunting in a disorderly manner, as their own inclinations and fancy should direct them. Among others, it was the fate of Jowler and Vixen to be yoked together. Jowler and Vixen were both young and inexperienced, but had for some time been constant companions, and seemed to have entertained a great fondness for each other; they used to be perpetually playing together, and, in any quarrel that happened, always took one another's part; it might have been expected, therefore, that it would not be disagreeable to them to be still closely united. However, in fact, it proved otherwise; they had not been long joined together, before both parties began to express uneasiness at their present situation. Different inclinations and opposite wills began to discover and to exert themselves: If one chose to go this way, the other was as eager to take the contrary; if one was pressing forward, the other was sure to lag behind. Vixen pulled back Jowler, and Jowler dragged along Vixen; Jowler growled at Vixen, and Vixen snapped at Jowler: At last it came to a downright quarrel between them, and Jowler treated Vixen in a very rough and ungenerous manner, without any regard to the inferiority of her strength, or the tenderness of her sex.

As they were thus continually vexing and tormenting

menting one another, an old Hound, who had observed all that passed, came up to them, and thus reproved them: "What a couple of silly puppies you are, to be thus perpetually worrying one another at this rate! What hinders your going on peaceably and quietly together? Cannot you compromise the matter between you, by each consulting the other's inclinations a little? At least try to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to what you cannot remedy; you cannot get rid of the chain, but you may make it fit easy upon you. I am an old Dog, and let my age and experience instruct you.

"When I was in the same circumstances with you, I soon found that the thwarting my companion was only tormenting myself; and my yoke-fellow happily came into the same way of thinking. We endeavoured to join in the same pursuits, and to follow one another's inclination; and so we jogged on together, not only with ease and quiet, but with comfort and pleasure \*: We found, by experience, that mutual compliance not only compensates for liberty, but is even attended with a satisfaction and delight beyond what liberty itself can give."

— See the white-rob'd Priest,  
With hallow'd rites hath bound the happy pair  
In sacred union! See the blushing bride  
Advancing, now her finger's new acquest,  
The matron honour of the ring surveys;  
Now on the delegated youth reflects.

\* Ye married couples, go and do likewise, and happiness shall attend you.

The glance oblique, not ill-return'd : For he,  
With eager eye devouring all her charms,  
Rapt on fond Fancy's wings, with sweet fore-  
Anticipates each future joy. Joys pure, [taste  
Without alloy ; not purchased at the price  
Of innocence ; nor with the pois'nous sting  
Of dire remorse attended. Hand in hand,  
Home to their little cot, that decent smiles,  
The couple blithe proceed : The village train  
Of nymphs and swains, a num'rous throng,  
For idly grazes then the vacant ox, [attend ;  
The weed-hook rests, nor sounds the lusty flail.

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## THE GOOD-NATURED WIFE,

## NO DESIRABLE ACQUISITION.

A TRUE STORY.

TO those mistaken married men, who imagine that *good-nature* in a wife is an accomplishment which cannot fail to make her husband happy, the following case is particularly addressed :

*Peter Nettle*, while he was one afternoon soberly smoaking his pipe on a bench, not far from the door of a little box near Brentford Butts, perceived a smartish sort of a young fellow driving, Jehu-like, in a *tim-whisky*, towards him, and soon afterwards beheld him, by the sudden starting of his horse, thrown out within a few yards of the aforesaid bench. He could not walk to his assistance, because he was tied by the toe ; that is, he was not quite recovered from a gouty disorder, with which

he

he was often troubled : But though he could not go himself, he called loudly for his man Richard, as handy a dog as any in England ; and he in a few minutes made his appearance. “Run, Dick ! (said Peter, with unusual eagerness) Run, and help the Gentleman as well as you can.” He did so, and brought him to his Master’s house, in a very poor condition indeed : He was terribly bruised, and the surgeon, who was immediately sent for, was of opinion that he had broken a vessel, as he spit blood. However, there was nothing broke ; but he was confined to his bed for several days, during which Peter’s *good-natured* wife nursed him as tenderly as if he had been her own son.

As soon as the young Gentleman was able to leave Mr. Nettle’s house, he very politely told him, one night, that he should set off the next morning before he was stirring ; and having poured out his acknowledgments to him for his hospitality and kindness in a plentiful manner, took up his candle, and retired to his chamber.

When Peter waked in the morning he missed his wife. He rose somewhat surprised ; but imagining that she had risen earlier than usual to take a walk in the garden, as she was very fond of flowers, he dressed himself, and went down stairs. Upon a farther enquiry, he was informed, that she had been seen, by some working people, three hours before, with the Gentleman whom she had so carefully nursed, in a post chaise. By this intelligence Peter was heartily vexed—not so much on account of his *horns*, as there were so many of his betters to keep

him in countenance, with the same embellishment ; But he was provoked to think, that he had been grossly deceived by a woman, whom he had married purely for her *good-nature*.

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REMARKS ON  
COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

IF all true lovers were obliged to carry on their courtship in public, we should be witness to many scenes truly ridiculous. Their awkward desire of pleasing influences every trifling gesture ; and when Love once has got possession of a man's heart, it shews itself down to the very tips of his fingers. The conversation of a languishing *Enamorato* is made up chiefly of dumb signs, such as sighs, ogles, or glances ; but, if he offers to break his passion to his mistress, there is such a stammering, faltering, and half-wording the matter, that the language of love, so much talked of by Poets, is, in truth, no language at all. Whoever should break in upon a Gentleman and Lady while so critical a conversation is going forward, would not forbear laughing at such an extraordinary *tête-à-tête*, and would, perhaps, cry out with *Ranger*, that " nothing looks so silly as a pair of your true lovers."

Since true and sincere love is sure to make its votaries thus ridiculous, we cannot sufficiently commend our present people of quality, who have made such laudable attempts to deliver themselves and posterity from its bondage. In a fashionable wedding the man or woman are neither of them considered as reasonable creatures,

who come together in order to "comfort, love, cherish, honour, or obey," according to their respective duties, but are regarded merely as instruments of joining one estate to another. Acre marries acre; and to increase and multiply their fortunes is, in genteel matches, the chief consideration of man and wife. The courtship is carried on by the counsel of each party, and they pay their addresses by billet-doux upon parchment.

The great convenience of expelling love from matrimony is very evident: Married persons of quality are never troubled with each other's company abroad, or fatigued with dull matrimonial discourses at home. My Lord keeps his girl, my Lady has her gallant; and they both enjoy all the fashionable privileges of wedlock without its inconveniences. This would never be the case, if there were the least spark of love subsisting between them; but they must be reduced to the same situation with those wretches, who, as they have nothing to settle on each other but themselves, are obliged to make up the deficiencies of fortune by *affection*. But while these miserable, fond, doating, unfashionable couples are obliged to content themselves with love and a cottage, people of quality enjoy the comforts of indifference with a coach and fix.

Florentius happened to see Zephyretta in a chariot at a horse-race, danced with her at night, was confirmed in his first ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared himself her lover. Florentius had not knowledge enough of the world to distinguish between the flutter of coquetry and the spright-

sprightliness of wit ; or between the smile of allure-  
ment and that of cheerfulness. He was soon waked  
from his rapture, by conviction, that his pleasure was  
but the pleasure of a day. Zephyretta had, in  
four-and-twenty hours, spent her stock of repartee,  
gone round the circle of her airs, and had nothing  
remaining for him but childish insipidity, or for  
herself but the practice of the same artifices upon  
new men ; by which she is every day bringing con-  
tempt upon them both.

It has often been wondered at, that so many  
people are unhappy in matrimony : Let us endeavour  
to examine a little into the reasons of it. Reci-  
procal love is, perhaps, the first necessary ingre-  
dient absolutely requisite to our felicity in that  
state ; it covers a multitude of failings on either  
side, and enables us to dispense with the rest. Dis-  
simulation in courtship is particularly to be avoided:  
we should honourably appear in our proper charac-  
ters ; deceit is then inexcusable. Must we not pity  
the Fair One, who, possessed of every qualification  
for happiness, is married to a brute in a human  
form ? How often must her delicacy be shocked by  
the grossness of his behaviour ? Her heart, fondly  
attached to *him*, pleads in his favour ; while her  
reason and judgment prompt her to despise the man,  
who dared to deceive her in so important a point.

Every man should consider, when he turns  
his thoughts on matrimony, how far it is in his  
power to contribute to the happiness of the more  
delicate part of the creation. He must endeavour  
to divest himself of every unruly passion ; his sole

wish should be to please the woman whom he chuses to be “ his life’s companion and his softer friend.” He must, upon every occasion, study to promote her ease, make her a sharer of all his joys, and, with all the address which the nature of the communication requires, make her also a sharer in his griefs. The communication of the latter may give her pain ; but there will, at the same time, arise a melancholy pleasure from his confidential behaviour.

## ADVICE TO A FRIEND

## ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IF you, my friend, would have a wife,  
To chear the gloomy hours of life,  
And give you constant pleasure ;  
The following useful maxims mind,  
And you in time may hope to find  
This dear, delightful treasure.

First look for one that’s young and fair,  
With countenance devoid of care,  
And foolish affectation ;  
For one whose face displays a gloom,  
Will make you angry with your doom,  
And give you sad vexation.

Be not, like common lovers, blind ;  
But all her words and actions mind \*,  
And judge of them sincerely :

\* Let the fair sex learn hence, the necessity of regulating their conduct and behaviour, by the rules of piety and virtue.

For,

For, if you form your choice at once,  
And she should prove a slut or dunce,  
You will repent severely.

Let solid sense her mind inform,  
Let gentle love her bosom warm,  
Yes, let her love you truly :  
Let her be void of foolish pride,  
Let modesty her actions guide,  
Or else she'll prove unruly.

Her temper should be all serene,  
Free from extremes of mirth and spleen,  
With no wild flights incumber'd ;  
For one that now is mad with joy,  
Then sad or sullen, will destroy  
Your peace with pangs unnumber'd.

Watch how her *leisure* hours she spends,  
And if with wife and virtuous friends,  
In cheerful conversation :  
If at due times th' instructive page,  
In search of truth her thoughts engage,  
She merits approbation.

When you can meet with such an one,  
As I've pourtray'd, make her your own,  
Of whatsoe'er condition :  
No wealth or honours then you'll need,  
To real bliss they seldom lead,  
And but increase ambition.

WIVES SHOULD STUDY DRESS TO PLEASE  
THEIR HUSBANDS.

WHENCE this forgetfulness of dress?  
Pray, Madam, are you married?—Yes.

Alas! What pity 'tis to find  
This fault in half the female kind!  
From hence proceed aversion, strife,  
And all that sours the wedded life.  
Beauty alone can point the dart;  
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart.  
Let neatness, then, and beauty strive  
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.  
'Tis harder far, (you'll find it true,)  
To *keep* the conquest than subdue.

Then study, chiefly, to improve  
The charm that fix'd your husband's love;  
Weigh well his humour: Was it *dress*  
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?  
Pursue it still; be neater seen,  
'Tis always frugal to be clean:  
So shall you keep alive desire,  
And *Time's* swift wing shall fan the fire.

THE WOMAN BEST FITTED TO BE A WIFE.

WRITTEN BY A WIDOWER.

A NYMPH not homely—better if she's fair,  
Her carriage easy, and genteel her air;

Her fame unblemish'd, and of honour nice,  
 A friend to virtue, but a foe to vice ;  
 The good companion and the gen'rous friend ;  
 Her conduct such as envy must commend.  
 Skill'd in each art that's proper for a wife,  
 Fit to appear in any rank of life :  
 Not talkative, nor mute, I'd have her be ;  
 Not dull, yet grave ; not shy, nor yet too free : }  
 Such, and so easy, should her manners be.

Prudent and gentle, virtuous, wife, discreet,  
 A husband's will with complaisance to meet ;  
 Her temper calm, in ev'ry state serene,  
 However fickle Fortune change the scene.  
 You whom blind love, perchance, has made so  
 To try your fate in wedlock's holy bond, [fond,  
 First find the fair form'd strictly to this plan,  
 Then marry, and you'll be the happy man.  
 But, if foul lust inflames thy youthful head  
 To chuse a partner for the bridal bed ;  
 Ah soon, *too* soon ! thou'l't curse the fatal day,  
 And groan in discontent thy hours away.  
 Sure then, in this important act of life,  
 (For such it is to chuse thyself a wife,)  
 A calm, a nice distinction should be made  
 Between the wanton nymph and modest maid.

Let not soft beauty's momentary joys  
 Delude the mind, such pleasure sooneit cloys :  
 " Good-nature only teaches charms to last,  
 " Still makes new conquest, and maintains the  
 Good sense and virtue truly can adorn, [past.]"  
 And make mankind admire the female form.

MEMOIRS OF THE VIRTUOUS LIFE AND  
HAPPY DEATH OF AMANDA,

A FEMALE CHARACTER WORTHY IMITATION.

AMANDA was, in secret, religious, and a pattern of good works to all her family. Having done much in a short time, and after being proved by sharp trials and temptations, she experienced two remarkable presages of a happy immortality: The first was about six months before she died, at the house of her mother-in-law. One morning, as she was sitting alone in her chamber, at her needle-work, about ten o'clock, suddenly she heard music playing over her head, which ravished all her senses to the highest degree, so that she dropped her work, and sat motionless. The music lasted about ten minutes, as near as she could guess, and then suddenly ceased. She related this at night to her husband, in confidence not to divulge it.

About four months after, she heard exactly the very same again, at the same hour, (ten o'clock in the morning,) sitting as before, (then in her own chamber, and in her own house,) which she also told her husband; but could give no description of it, nor make any comparisons; only that it as far excelled Handel's Messiah (which she had heard when he himself played, with other the best performers in Europe) as that oratorio, so admirably performed, surpassed a blind fiddler in the streets. Two months after, and but a few hours only before she died, her two infant children, at her own desire, were brought for

for her to kiss them ; and, when they were taken away, she said to her husband, who sat by the bedside, “ I have but a very short time to stay with you ; pray do so and so (respecting the children) when I am gone : ” and then added, “ I have now done with this world ; talk no more of it ; but the little time you can spare, I shall be glad you will read the Bible, and pray by me : ” And concluded, “ I am but a poor ignorant woman ; but I have endeavoured to serve God and do my duty, to the best of my knowledge.” Which words uttered, she became so faint, as to sink down motionless ; but soon recovering, she stretched out her arms and clasped her hands, her lips moving as in prayer, raised her head up, and said, “ O ! now, I shall hear more of that heavenly music : ” And instantly sunk down on her pillow, and died soon after, twenty-four years of age.

May such signal marks of divine favour, such exalted early piety and virtue, excite a sacred ambition in my young readers to seek such blessedness, and obtain like glorious evidences of eternal life and felicity.

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### FLAVIA,

#### AN AMIABLE CHARACTER.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

HOW amiable may a woman be ! what a comfort and delight to her acquaintance, her friends,  
her

her relations, her lover, or her husband, in keeping strictly within her proper character !

Women, while untainted by affectation, have a natural chearfulness of mind, tenderness and benignity of heart, which justly endear them to us, either to animate our joys or soothe our sorrows ; but how are they changed, and how shocking do they become, when the rage of ambition, or the pride of learning, agitates and swells those breasts, where only love, friendship, and tender care, should dwell !

Let Flavia be their model ; who, though she could support *any* character, assumes none ; never misled by fancy or vanity, but guided singly by reason ; whatever she says or does is the manifest result of a happy temper and a good understanding : Though she knows whatever women ought, and, it may be, more than they are generally required to know, she conceals the superiority she has, with as much care as others take to display the superiority they have not. She conforms herself to the turn of the company she is in : Are they merry ? she is chearful ; are they grave ? she is serious \* ; are they absurd ? she is silent.

Woman's beauty, like man's wit, is generally fatal to the owners, unless directed by a judgment which seldom accompanies a *great* degree of either. Flavia's beauty seems but the proper and decent lodging for such a mind : She knows the true value of it ; and, far from thinking that it authorizes

\* Agreeable to the dictates of divine revelation, she rejoices with them who do rejoice, and weeps with them that weep.

impertinence and coquetry, it redoubles her care to avoid those errors that are its usual attendants.

Thus, she not only unites in herself all the advantages of body and mind, but even reconciles contradictions in others; for she is loved and esteemed, though *envied* by all.

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## ON THE IMPORTANCE OF

## MARRIAGE.

WOMEN, says Lord Bacon, are the mistresses of our youth, the companions of our maturity, and the nurses of our declining age. Whence it appears, that marriage is, in every stage of the human journey, a duty and a consolation. Those who voluntarily renounce the gentle delights of a delicate union, and who thereby rob themselves of the various enchantments that attend it, may be compared to statues, which the sculptor has laboured into external beauty, but whose form he is unable to impress with any animated marks of the passion on the soul. We admire, it is true, the richness of the marble, and the fine touches of the chissel, but that admiration is as cold and insensible as the object by which it is excited. In vain is it, that the artist presents to our view a vestal virgin, in all the charms of her youth and innocence, our hearts remain unaffected. They are affected, indeed, only by *living* objects, tenderly attached the one to the other, and forming together a true system of domestic harmony.

The

The sacred attachment of marriage, is equally consecrated by the laws of nature, the institutions of religion, and the command of Heaven; and such as disdain to yield themselves up, at a proper period, to that amiable captivity which most embellishes life, are at once cruel to themselves, and ungrateful to their country. It is not more poetically than literally true, in the marriage state, that

To say the truth, the most natural state of human society, as well as the primary principle of our nature, is the conjugal connection; of which there cannot be a stronger proof than the testimony of travellers, who, in their several voyages round the world, have never met with any set of beings bearing the human form, who did not associate in this manner. Even the wild inhabitants of Paraguay, who are said to live upon insects, serpents, and other venomous creatures; those who are without any settled habitation, without any government, and who have no language but a jargon between flammering and hissing; even these savage nations, as well as many others, still more barbaric, confess the gentle influence, which unites in the same interest the persons, fortunes, and affections, of the two sexes.

## The

The famous Lycurgus was so sensible of this, that he made a law which excluded persons persisting in a single life (after a certain age) from all employ, civil or military. Nor were the Roman establishments less calculated to encourage a connection, which added strength to the republic, and the honour and happiness of the citizens. Our English laws, indeed, have nothing coercive with regard to the contract of marriage; they wisely suppose, that the love of our country, and the natural tendency of the finer passions, put all fears out of the question on this head; and it may be said, that a man or woman's character begins to acquire weight and dignity, only in proportion as they assist the state, with the honourable pledges of matrimonial tenderness.

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#### ON FEMALE FASHIONS.

The Goddess Fashion is ador'd by all.

I BELIEVE it is generally allowed, that woman is the most perfect work of the creation. If we consider her external form, there is an enchanting sweetness in her look, there is an air of dignity in her mein, designed to captivate every beholder of taste; in short, the resplendent graces of the sex, like rays shot from the sun, so affect us by their radiant influence, that we are struck with the splendour, and cannot but venerate the object from whom they issue.

The great improvement said to have been made by the fair sex in politeness, for this last century,

as it is generally called, exceeds all imagination ; for instead of that formal address, and that ridiculous method of spending their time that prevailed in good Queen Elizabeth's days, thanks to a neighbouring country, for providing our Ladies with means of employing their leisure hours, in a much more useful and rational manner ; but the former, poor creatures ! were to be pitied for their ignorance and the unpolite age they lived in. They knew no happiness out of their own families ; their sole study was to make home as agreeable as possible to their husbands, and their judgment extended no farther than making a plain *pudding*.

The happiness of our *modern* fine Ladies is confined to a different sphere ; home to them, without *cards*, &c. and a continual round of diversions either encouraged or allowed, is always the place of the greatest misery ; and it seems a tax laid upon them by Providence, that, amongst so much gaiety and folly, they should not entirely forget themselves, but have some little time for recollection. The morning generally elapses before they rise, so that they verify the remark of a country lad, who, when he came to town, and resided in a family near St. James's, told his friends he liked London very well, but there was no *forenoon* where he lived.

The remaining parts of the day are spent in embellishing their persons, and decking themselves out in all the extravagance of modern fashions ; while they close the evening with going to the same places of amusement and dissipation they have done, it may be, almost every night for a twelvemonth past.

## THE ARTFUL SEDUCER;

A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

OR A WARNING TO YOUNG WOMEN RESPECTING  
SEDUCTION.

THERE never was a complete villain, who could not, in the triumph of his deeds, boast the destruction of female innocence. When this species of gallantry is deliberately atchieved, the score of villainy is accomplished, and the fiend

*"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."*

Mark but his progress!

—Accustomed to every treacherous guile, he can never be at a loss for tender unsuspecting objects, on which to exercise his baneful arts at discretion. The credulous virgin listens to the enchanting adulation with the most zealous attention. Although apprized of the danger of such familiarity, from the momentary dictates of reason, the early and repeated precepts of parental anxiety, or the impending scorn of a censorious world; still the deluded innocent, in compliance with inclination, idly hopes there is no guile.

When any little fears arise, which lead to foul mistrust, her undissembling heart calls up its own sentiments, and for a moment sets them in opposition to her virtue; and concludes, from her ignorance of mankind and the artifices of seduction,

that it is impossible for human nature to be so, treacherous, so deceitful, so deliberately base. The fatal examples of others, if, at any time, they invade her guileless bosom, are considered as bearing not the least affinity to the point in question ; for, others might have fallen *voluntary* victims to their own sensual inclinations.

Here is the opening for villainy to reap its promised joys. The fatal victim plays round this destructive, yet attractive meteor, and, like the simple moth, courts its own destruction.

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#### REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Triumphant beauty never looks so gay  
As on the morning of a nuptial day ;  
Love then within a larger circle moves,  
New graces adds, and every charm improves.

POMFRET.

THE above lines truly describe the happiness attending the marriage state, when love, real esteem, and affection, actuate the uniting parties, and inspire them with a desire to please and be pleased with each other. But, alas ! how few are there, in these days, who are united by such lasting bands as love and friendship : On the other hand, how many are there who make *wealth*, and not happiness, their chief aim ? Dr. Watts, in his Few Happy Matches, after he has been describing many of the miseries that

that are the consequence of imprudent marriages, says,

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,  
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,  
    To dull embraces move :  
So two rich mountains of Peru,  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
    And make a world of love.

Marriage may be productive of the greatest happiness we can enjoy in this life ; but we find, by fatal experience, that it often proves the greatest curse ; though, upon strict enquiry, we shall perceive that it is owing to the imprudence of the uniting parties, and not to any imperfection in the state itself. For those who are actuated by the same principles that Thomson describes in his Celadon and Amelia, certainly must be happy. When he is relating their equal passion, he says,

'Twas friendship, height'ned by the mutual wish ;  
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
Of giving joy. . . . .

Free should the son of freedom wed  
The maid by equal fondness led,  
    Not heaping wealth on wealth ;

Youth pines in age's wither'd arms,  
Deformity polluting charms,  
And sickness blasting health.

But house for house, and grounds for grounds,  
And mutual bliss in balanc'd pounds,  
Each parent's thoughts employ ;  
These summ'd by Wingate's solid rules,  
Let fools, and all the sons of fools,  
Count less substantial joy.

ARMSTRONG.

The man who seeks, in the object of his desires, the agreeable companion, the sincere friend, the soother of his cares, and the partner of his joys, his counsellor and assistant in his domestic duties, and has the happiness to possess such a desirable help-meet, must, of consequence, be raised to the highest pitch of human bliss ; but, if youth and beauty are the only motives that conduce to form the nuptial tie, such a pair must not, and, if they reflect, cannot, expect *lasting* happiness.

Rest, mortal, e'er you take a wife,  
Contrive your pile to last for life,  
Since beauty scarce endures a day,  
And youth so swiftly flies away.  
On sense and truth your passion found,  
By decency cemented round ;  
Let prudence with good-nature strive  
To keep esteem and love alive :

Then

Then come old age whene'er it will,  
Your friendship shall continue still,  
And thus a mutual gentle fire  
Shall never but with life expire.

SWIFT.

A parent may chuse for a child one who is entirely agreeable as to person and temper, whose fortune is large, whose connections in the world are many and honourable, descended from a noble family, a person of wit and extensive knowledge, and who has had the advantage of a liberal education, all which qualifications are very desirable, and almost requisite ; but those alone will not constitute *real* happiness : no, there must be a similitude of sentiments, temper, and disposition, or else it is impossible they can possess lasting peace and happiness.

Let not the cruel fitters bind  
A gentle to a savage mind,  
For love abhors the fight ;  
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,  
For native rage, and native fear,  
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindred souls alone must meet,  
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves ;  
Bright Venus on-her rolling throne  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
And Cupids yoke the Doves.

WATTS.

How happy they ! they happiest of their kind !  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings  
blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full exerts her softest pow'r ;  
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ; [will  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing  
With boundless confidence ; for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

THOMSON.

O happy state ! when souls each other draw,  
When love is liberty, and nature law !  
All then is full, posseffing and posseft,  
No craving void left aching in the breast ;  
E'en thought meets thought e'er from the lips  
it part, [heart.  
And each warm wish springs mutual from the  
POPE.

Many parents would not scruple to give their darling child, who is just in the bloom of youth and vigour, into the dull embraces of an old decrepit husband, with the false pretence of her being sure to be happy, on account of his large fortune. But alas ! these are vain hopes indeed ! — Many have experienced

perienced the futility of such a pursuit ; yea, many parents have lived to curse the day, they gave them up to that misery which will be of as long duration as life itself. Armstrong very well describes the imprudence of such a conduct in his Marriage Ode.

The victim comes in rich attire,  
Dragg'd trembling by her ruthless fire,  
Thy child, O monster, save !  
Better the sacrificing knife,  
Plung'd in her bosom, end that life  
Thy fatal passion gave.

With torch inverted Hymen stands,  
The Furies wave their livid brands,  
Wild Horror, pale Dismay ;  
Soft Pity drops the melting tear,  
And lustful Satyrs grinning leer,  
Sure of their destin'd prey.

Compell'd, the fault'ring priest slow ties  
The knot of plighted perjuries,  
For spotless truth ordain'd ;  
More fitly had some dæmon fell,  
Some Minister of Sin and Hell,  
The sacred rites profan'd.

ARMSTRONG.

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties  
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies ;  
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,  
August her deed, and sacred be her fame,

Before

Before true passion all these views remove,  
Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to love?

POPE.

AN EXACT DESCRIPTION OF THE  
DRESS AND EXECUTION OF  
MARY, LATE QUEEN OF SCOTS,  
*WITHIN THE CASTLE OF FOTHERINGHAY,*  
FEBRUARY 8, 1586.

FROM A MS. IN MR. ASHMOLE'S LIBRARY.

HER attire was as follows: On her head was a dressing of lawn, edged with bone lace, a pomander chain, and an *Agnus Dei* about her neck, a crucifix in her hand, a pair of beads at her girdle, with a golden crofs at the end of them; a veil of lawn fastened to the caule, bowed out with wyre, and edged about with bone lace. Her gown was of black fattin, printed, with a train and long sleeves to the ground, set with acorn buttons of jett; trimmed with pearl, and short sleeves of black fattin, cut, with a pair of sleeves of purple velvet, whole under them; her kertle, whole, of crimson fattin, and her petticoat skirt of crimson velvet; her shoes of Spanish leather, the rough fide outward; a pair of green silk garters; her nether stockings worsted, coloured, watched, clocked with silver, and edged on the top with silver, and next her legs a pair of Jersey hose, white.

The two executioners having kneeled down, and  
desired

desired her to forgive them her death ; she answered, " I forgive you with all my heart ; for I hope this day shall put an end to all my troubles."

—Then they, with her two women, helping her up, began to disrobe her, and she laid her crucifix upon the stool. One of the executioners took from her neck her *Agnus Dei*, but she laid hold of it, saying, she would give it to one of her women, and withal told the executioner that he should have money for it. Then she suffered them, with her two women, to take off the chain of pomander beads and all her other apparel, and immediately, with a kind of gladness and smiling, she began to make herself ready, putting on a pair of sleeves with her own hands, (which the two executioners had before rudely pulled off,) with such speed, as if she longed to have been gone out of this world.

During all these actions of disrobing the said Queen, she never altered her countenance, but smiling, as it were at it, said, " *She never had such grooms before to make her unready, nor never did take off her cloaths before such a company.*" At length, she being unattired and unapparelled of such, and of so much of her attire and apparel as was convenient, saving her petticoat and kertle, her two women looking upon her, burst out in a very great shrieking, crying, and lamentation, and, when their shrieking began to decline, they crossed themselves and prayed in Latin.

Then the said Queen, turning herself to them, and seeing them in such a mournful and lamentable plight, embraced them, and said these words in French :

French: *Ne cry vous jay pro me pur vous*," and so crossed and kissed them, and bad them pray for her, and not be so mournful; "for," said she, "this day, I trust, shall end your mistress's sufferings." Then, with a smiling countenance, she turned herself to her men servants, Melvine and the rest, standing upon a bench near the scaffold, who were sometimes weeping, sometimes crying out aloud, and continually crossing themselves, and praying in Latin. And the Queen (thus turned unto them) did herself cross them, and bade them farewell, and prayed them to pray for her, even to the *last hour*. This done, one of her women having a *Corpus Christi cloth*, lapped it up three-corner-wise, kissed it, and put it over the face of her Queen and Mistress, and pinned it fast on the carole of her head.

Then they two mournfully departed from her; and she kneeled down upon the cushion, at which time, very resolutely, and without any token of the fear of death, she repeated aloud, in Latin, this psalm, "*In te Domine confido*," &c. Then groping for the block, she laid down her head, putting her chain over her back with both her hands, which holding there, had been cut off, had they not been espied. Then she laid herself upon the block most quietly, and, stretching out her arms and legs, cried out, "*In manes tuus, Domine*," three or four times.

At last, whilst one of the executioners held her straitly with one of his hands, the other gave her

two strokes with an axe before he did cut off her head, and yet left a gristle behind. At which time she made very small noise, and stirred not any part of herself from the place where she lay.

The executioner, who cut off her head, lifted it up, and said, "God save the Queen." Then her dressing of lawn fell from her head, which appeared as if she had been *seventy* years old, her face being in a moment so much altered from the form which she had when she was alive: Few could remember her by her *dead* face. Her lips stirred up and down almost a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off.

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## TWO AFFECTING EPISTLES FROM

LADY JANE GRAY,

TO LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY,

HER HUSBAND.

FROM these dread walls, this melancholy  
tow'r,

Doom'd the sad victim of relentless pow'r,  
Where ruin fits in gloomy pomp array'd,  
And circling honours spread their mournful shade,  
I send the tribute of a short'ning life,  
The last memorial of a faithful wife.  
For ev'ry hope on this side Heav'n is fled,  
And death's pale banner waves around my head.  
It yet perchance may cheer my Lord to know  
That Suffolk's daughter sinks not with her woe:

E

Beneath

Beneath its weight I feel myself resign'd ;  
Though strong the tempest, stronger's still my  
mind.  
This duty paid to thee, each care is o'er,  
Nor my hard fortune shall distress me more.

Yet spite of all, one anxious thought survives,  
For thee, my *Guilford*, 'tis for thee it lives.  
Yes, thou alone with Heav'n divid'd my heart,  
Though all Heav'n's due, yet nature gives thee  
If love be still a crime, I'm guilty still, [part.  
But to forget depends not on our will.  
Affection, once deep-rooted in the breast,  
Is sometimes shook, though rarely dispossess'd ;  
The ruling passion there in triumph reigns,  
It sooths my weakness, but augments my pains.

O'er the dear past my roving fancy flies,  
And brings thy image to my raptur'd eyes.  
No mourner's weeds, no captive's chain it wears,  
But bright in all its native charms appears ;  
Such grace, such virtue beaming from thy brows,  
As stole my heart, and fix'd my virgin vows,  
At Hymen's altar such thy form was seen  
When late we offer'd to the nuptial Queen.—  
How little thought we while the flow'ry wreath  
Intwin'd our temples, it was wove by death !  
Far diff'rent scenes the Syren Hope display'd ;  
Ah ! how the false one fung, and how betray'd !  
Each joy she promis'd perish'd in it's birth,  
And ev'ry flatt'ring blossom fell to earth !—

But

But from man's weakness still some comfort flows,  
'Tis that he nought beyond the present knows;  
Heav'n draws a friendly curtain o'er his doom,  
And hides in deepest shades each ill to come,  
Then be its will ador'd, which, understood,  
From seeming mischief draws forth certain good.  
Nor in these lines suspect that I complain,  
Tho' mem'ry loves to tread back time again.

Thus do I waste the solitary day.  
With tedious pace thus creep my hours away ;  
And if, when Cynthia, rob'd in paler light,  
Revisits mortals, and directs the night,  
My wearied strength the general slumber shares,  
The soul reflecting wakes to all her cares :  
Delusion o'er my mind usurps command,  
And rules each sense with fancy's magic wand.

One moment tidings of forgiveness brings,  
Descending mercy spreads her cherub wings ;  
Our guards are vanish'd, ev'ry grief effac'd,  
We meet again, embracing and embrac'd.—  
O blis supreme ! — but too supreme to last ;  
'Ere words can find their way, the vision's past :  
It fleets, I call it back, — it will not hear,  
And fearful shadows in its place appear.  
The unrelenting Queen stalks fiercely by,  
Fate on her brow, and fury in her eye.

Hark ! the dread signal that completes our  
woes !  
Hark ! the loud shoutings of our barb'rous foes !

I see the axe rear'd high above thy head, [dead,  
It falls!—and Guilford's number'd with the  
Alas! how ghastly! ev'ry vein streams blood,  
And the pale corpse sinks in the crimson flood.  
Could that sad form be once my soul's delight?  
Quick tear the madd'ning phantom from my  
sight.

Hold, hold your hands, ye Ministers of Fate,  
Suspend the blow, lest mercy come too late;  
Let innocence at last your pity move,  
And spare my Lord, my husband, and my love!  
Northumberland! thee, *thee* could I upbraid,  
And bid thee view the ruin thou hast made.  
This mournful picture thy ambition plann'd,  
And all its colours own thy daring hand.  
But thou art fall'n! — nor shall my parting  
breath  
Call out for vengeance in the hour of death:  
May all remembrance of thy guilt subside,  
And the dark grave thy dust and frailties hide.

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#### SECOND LETTER.

THE searching eye of Heav'n, whose wisdom darts  
Through all the mean disguises of our hearts,  
And ev'ry silent motive, knows alone  
With what reluctance I approach'd the throne,  
I never sigh'd for grandeur's envy'd rays,  
For regal honours, or a nation's praise.

My

My bosom never felt ambition's fire ;  
 For what exchange could Guilford's wife desire ?  
 The bloom of May beneath our feet was spread,  
 And all its roses deck'd our nuptial bed.  
 To thee united daily joy I found ;  
 With thee conversing, pleasure breath'd around.  
 Peace was my sister, and my friend Content,  
 The best companions e'er to mortals sent ;  
 But when, obedient to a father's pow'r,  
 And the last wish of Edward's dying hour,  
 Destructive counsel ! I my home forsook,  
 Assum'd the purple, and the sceptre took ;  
 Swift from my sight the heav'nly pair withdrew,  
 And friend and sister bade me both adieu.

It is the cheat of ev'ry worldly joy  
 To tempt when *distant*, but, possess'd, to cloy.  
 Hence flows a truth none can deny—'tis this :  
 " *Content's the highest pitch of human bliss.*"

O had our humble lot by Heav'n been thrown  
 Beneath some lonely shade to fame unknown ;  
 Unconscious of the thorns which wound the great,  
 Our lengthen'd years had own'd a happier fate :  
 Whilst, from a busy, faithless world retir'd,  
 By nor blind folly vex'd, no passion fir'd,  
 Calmly we then afar had heard the strife,  
 The noise, the tumult that perplexes life ;  
 Smil'd at contention's visionary plan,  
 And the vain toils of self-deluded man.

Yet cease, my heart, these plaintive murmurs  
 cease ; [peace ?  
 For why, my Guilford, should I wound thy  
 But say, what tyranny can reach the soul ?  
 What terrors shake her, or what fears controul ?  
 Ideal joys are all I now have left,  
 Of thee, a crown, and liberty bereft ;  
 Torn from the pleasures of domestic life,  
 From each fond rapture of a virtuous wife :  
 To meet no more !—how cruel the decree !—  
 Heart-rending sentence !---no---it must not be.  
 Down prison walls, each obstacle remove,  
 And let me clasp once more the man I love.  
 Then come the worst---yet howsoe'er distrest,  
 Still shall thy image live within my breast ;  
 Tho', all unfeeling for this bleeding heart,  
 Our foes dismiss to Heav'n the nobler part,  
 Deep in the dust thy injur'd form I'll trace,  
 And grudge th' unconscious grave its cold em-  
 brace.——

But hold thy hand, presumptuous woman ! hold ;  
 Too warm thy passion, as thy pen too bold ;  
 Aid me, great teacher, this hard conflict end,  
 Tho' King of Terrors call'd, I'll hail thee friend !  
 Since thou alone pourtray'st to mortal eyes  
 How weak, how baseless are the joys we prize :  
 Thy moral, then, shall not be lost on me,  
 Convinc'd, my soul approves the just decree ;  
 And unrepining quits this scene of strife,  
 Which points thro' virtue to a happier life.

Come

Come, then, my Lord, my husband, and my  
( For death alone those titles shall remove,) [love,  
With decent courage meet thy certain doom,  
Nor shrink with horror at the op'ning tomb.  
What's in the grave the virtuous have to fear?  
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from the worst despair.  
What then remains for me?-----Ah! wherefore  
ask?-----

Fain would my trembling pen avoid the task;  
These tear-stain'd lines must their whole purpose  
And bid my dying Lord a last farewell. [tell,  
A last! a long farewell!-----Oh cruel found!  
It pains, it tears, it harrows up my wound.  
Alas! the transient dream!---down, rebel heart,  
Yet, keen their pangs that must for ever part!  
A thousand, thousand things I had to say,  
But the fleet minutes suffer no delay. [hold,  
Might these fond eyes once more that form be-  
These arms (tho' 'twere in death) my love infold!  
A woman's weaknes sure might be forgiven,  
And this last frailty be absolv'd by Heav'n.

'Twas a rash wish;---no---shun me,---for I fear  
A final interview we could not bear;  
Ere yet a little space, this scene will close,  
And end the malice of our cruel foes.  
Arm'd as we are for fate, we'll die content;  
Fortune hath done its worst, its rage is spent;  
To happier mansions we shall soon remove,  
And meet in blis, for we shall meet above.

Crown'd

Crown'd with eternal peace, we then shall own  
How poor the contest for a worldly throne !

Descend, my guardian angel, from the skies,  
In my firm breast let dauntless virtue rise ;  
Loose, loose all ties that hold me captive here,  
And from my mem'ry blot what most was dear.  
Yes, my deliv'r'r ; yes, I find thy aid ;  
Each passion's calm, and all the storm is laid.  
I felt its influence, Guilford, as I spoke,  
The complicated chain at length is broke.  
Life's vain enchantments all haveta'en their flight,  
And earth diminish'd fades before my sight ;  
One last, sad, parting sigh is left for you ;  
The rest is Heav'n's : — a long-----long-----  
long adieu.

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THE SOLILOQUY OF A  
WOMAN OF PLEASURE,  
(FALSELY SO CALLED.)

ALMERIA'S youth (being scarce *twenty*) and budding charms, cannot fail of gaining many admirers. She is convinced her situation in life is a very disagreeable one ; and has more than once endeavoured to extricate herself out of it. A variety of lovers succeed each other ; the last, as welcome as the first, finds no alloy in her affections, as long as his presents are standard ; money being the *chief*, if not the *only* bent of her desires.

One evening, after her spark had paid the reckoning, and called his chair, being left alone, she

broke out into this pathetic exclamation, which shows a proper sensibility of her condition :

“ What a disagreeable situation is this to a reflecting mind ! What an unhappy circle to move in, for a *thinking* person !—To be the sink of mankind ! —To court alike the beastly drunkard, and the nau- feating rake—dissimulating distaste for enjoyment ! No balmy ease, no innocent comfort ; but nocturnal incontinence and debauch. What must be the end of such variegated concupiscence ?—INFECTION !”—Here the waiter broke in abruptly, and obliged her to put an end to her soliloquy.

N. B. *Vicious pleasures always end in pain.*

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A WARNING TO  
YOUNG LADIES

OF A GAY AND THOUGHTLESS TURN OF MIND.

THE late Rev. Mr. Evans, of Bristol, called, a few months before he died, to see one of his people (he being Minister to a congregation in that city) and saw a young Lady in the parlour, who came to the Hot-Wells for the benefit of her health, and lodged there.

Mr. Evans observing her unusually pensive, took the liberty to ask the cause.

She answered, “ Sir, I will think no more of it ; it was only a *dream* ! I will not be so childish as to be alarmed at a dream ! However, I will tell it you.

“ I dreamed that I was at the ball ; where I intend

tend going this night. I thought that, soon after I was in the room, I was taken very ill; that they gave me a smelling-bottle; and that I was brought home into this room, and placed in that chair, (pointing to an elbow chair,) and that I fainted, and died!

“ I then thought that I was carried to a place where angels and holy people were singing hymns and praising God. I thought I found myself very unhappy, and desired to go from them.

“ My conductor said, ‘ *If you do go, you will never come here again.*’

“ I thought I was then whirled out with great violence, and fell down---down---down---through darkness, and thunders, into sulphurous flames!---With the scorching flames, and hideous cries, I awaked.”

Mr. Evans made some serious remarks on the subject, and advised the young Lady not to go to the ball that night.

She said she would; for she was more of a *woman* than to mind dreams!

Accordingly she went; was taken ill; a smelling-bottle was given to her; she was brought home; placed in the chair before mentioned; fainted; and DIED!

## ON SCANDAL.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

On eagles wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born, and die.

HARV. JUV.

O cursed Scandal ! spring of all that's foul,  
We ought to keep thee farthest from the soul ;  
What endless mischiefs hast thou caus'd on earth,  
To what enormous lies hast thou giv'n birth !  
Oft' hast thou made the virgin's tears to flow,  
And fill'd the parent's breast with secret woe ;  
Meek innocence beneath thy scourge has bled,  
Nor dar'd even merit's self to rear her head :  
If worth's exalted, soon it feels thy sting,  
From thee our num'rous evils mostly spring.

Suppose that men act inconsistent quite,  
With law, with reason, and whate'er is right,  
Still must base tattlers make the matter worse,  
And on their heads denounce a greater curse ;  
And on their own, I hope ;—for they deserve  
As much as those who from their duty fwerve.  
But 'tis not those alone who, acting wrong,  
Employ the Scandalizer's hellish tongue ;  
No---but the innocent, the good, and wise,  
Of whom they prop'gate such mischievous lies.  
Heed, heed them not !---they cannot judge aright ;  
They talk from malice, ignorance, and spite ;  
Scandal inspires their fluency of tongue,  
While they relate whate'er is said or done.

O !

O ! could I lash them with sufficient rage,  
 And shew their impudence thro' ev'ry page ;  
 O ! could I hand their names to after-times,  
 And make succeeding bards, in all their rhymes,  
 To stigmatize the Scandalizer's name,  
 And hold them up to *everlasting shame*.

Let us pursue whatever road we chuse ;  
 Take what we please, and what we please refuse.  
 For hear what Churchill says, " that, would we  
 " know,

" Who calls us guilty cannot make us so ;  
 " 'Tis nought to others what we chuse to do ;  
 " What malice says is nought to me or you.  
 " If any from good-nature give advice,  
 " (In this point, Winifred, be always nice)  
 " Hear them with candour, thanks return to them ;  
 " But those who for condemning sake condemn,  
 " Laugh them to scorn," and satirise their name ;  
 Brand it with *infamy* and *lasting shame*.

In this respect, th' advice I give, I take,  
 And hope this resolution ne'er to break ;  
 Adhering close to what I think is right,  
 Nor mind whate'er is said, if it results from *spite*.

### N A R C I S S A.

OR THE EFFECTS OF GAMING.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

YE fair, that grace Britannia's isle,  
 O shun the gaming rage !  
 Twill spoil your features, kill your smile,  
 And hasten wrinkled age.

Narcissa

NARCISSA—but my heart weeps blood  
To think upon her fate;

NARCISSA, beauteous, wise, and good,  
But short, alas! her date.

A youth for every virtue fam'd,  
For her possession sigh'd;  
The deeds were drawn, the day was nam'd  
She was to be his bride,

But, ah! before that wish'd-for day,  
The lovely, artless maid,  
Was by a Col'nel stripp'd at play,  
And by his arts betray'd.

In debt—alarm'd—afraid—confus'd,  
She could enjoy no rest;  
The Col'nel too some freedoms us'd,  
And hard for payment press'd.

Her debt became the endless source  
Of woes that lay upon her;  
At length she was compell'd by force  
To pay it with—her honour.

A stranger then to joy or rest,  
She sigh'd, but could not speak;  
And while keen anguish gnaw'd her breast,  
Care pal'd her damask cheek.

Despairing now to meet relief,  
On Thames's bank she stood ;  
There mus'd awhile in speechless grief,  
Then plung'd into the flood.

The flood, like faithful friends, the maid,  
Tho' sinking, long upbore ;  
But when it ceas'd its friendly aid,  
She sunk---to rise no more

---

TO A YOUNG LADY,

FOR HER WATCH.

SEE, see the moments how they pass,  
How swift they speed away !  
Eliza, here, as in a glass,  
Behold thy life's decay.

O waste not then thy youthful prime  
In Folly's crooked road ;  
Be circumspect ! redeem the time !  
Acquaint thyself with God !

So when the pulse of life shall cease  
Its throbbing transient play,  
Thy soul to realms of endless peace  
Shall wing its joyful way.

Thus once the dove did wander o'er  
The waters, when they rose ;  
Till in the ark it found a shore,  
And gain'd its true repose.

ON

## ON FEMALE AMBITION.

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

FLY, magic sorceress, with thy powerful charm,  
Nor lure my bosom from its sweet repose ;  
Nor let me, while I catch thy potent charm,  
My present heart-approving concord lose.

Fain would you tempt from this obscure retreat,  
The tender passions of a feeling heart ;  
Forbear my busy anxious breast to beat ;  
Grandeur nor wealth, no real joys impart.

How many, by ambitious motives led,  
Forfake the humble dwelling plain and neat ;  
Gay pleasure beckons to her fairy bed  
Of blended snares, our unsuspecting feet.

In smiling bliss the charming moments run,  
Pleasure intoxicates, and on we go ;  
Too late we praise, we find ourselves undone,  
The lost associates of despair and woe.

## THE HAPPY VIRGIN.

HOW happy a state does the virgin possess,  
Whose innocent bosom no troubles distress ;  
She's ever brisk, airy, good-humour'd, and gay,  
No cares to molest her by night or by night.  
Uncontroul'd by a husband, her actions are free,  
Of herself and her fortune sole mistress is she ;

In freedom and pleasure she passes her life ;  
If so happy a virgin, who would be a *wife* ?

No bantlings to tease her or break her night's rest,  
With peace and contentment her moments are blest ;  
She sleeps till 'tis time in the morning to rise,  
And ev'ry new day some new pleasure supplies.  
Surrounded abroad by a crowd of smart beaux,  
Who are proud to attend her wherever she goes ;  
About her they swarm like the bees to their hives :  
If so happy when virgins, then who would be wives ?

Let the wife boast of conjugal bliss if she please,  
Which is bought at th' expence of her freedom and  
ease ;

Confin'd by her cares still at home she must stay,  
While abroad *we* can range, to the Park, ball, and  
play.

Thro' a maze of soft pleasures our actions we steer,  
And when we come home, we've no husbands to fear,  
To tease us and vex us, and tire out our lives :  
If so happy when virgins, then who would be *wives* ?

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### THE PAINTED BABY :

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG LADIES.

SEE how this painted, smiling toy,  
Gives little miss a mighty joy,

To make it gaily shine !

Sometimes she rocks it in her arms,

And strives to soothe, with utmost charms,

Her baby grown so fine.

With

With ribbands she adorns its hair,  
To make its beauty look more fair,  
And decks the head with lace ;  
Sometimes she lays it on a bed,  
Where crimson curtains round are spread,  
To guard the quiet place.

Soon after, as the humour turns,  
Against this babe her anger burns,  
And she begins to chide ;  
Threatens her plaything with a rod,  
And makes the image look but odd,  
Stripp'd of its borrow'd pride.

We smile at this diverting scene ;  
We think such entertainment mean,  
And trifling this affair :  
Yet, when advanc'd to riper years,  
More folly in our lives appears,  
And unavailing care.

Some tempting idol we admire ;  
Perhaps to airy fame aspire,  
Because we think it bright ;  
Or, tempted else with glitt'ring ore,  
Our wand'ring fancies vainly soar  
In search of false delight.

The darlings which we entertain,  
Not only empty are, and vain,  
But often deeply hurt ;

Whereas the child's delightful play  
Helps her to pass each harmless day,  
In Fancy's various sport.

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## THE FAIR MORALIST:

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG LADIES.

WHILE beauty and pleasure are now in their prime,  
And Folly and Fashion expect our whole time,  
Ah ! let not these phantoms our wishes engage,  
Let us live so in youth, that we blush not in age.

Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us awhile,  
Yet let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile ;  
Let us covet those charms that will never decay,  
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth ;  
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health ;  
Then richer than kings, and as happy as they,  
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

When age shall steal on me, and youth is no more,  
And the moralist, Time, shakes his glass at my door,  
What charm in lost beauty or wealth shall I find ?  
My treasure, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

That peace I'll preserve, then, as free as 'twas giv'n,  
And taste in my bosom an earnest of Heav'n ;  
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,  
And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.

When

When long I the burthen of life shall have borne,  
And Death, with his sickle, shall cut the ripe corn,  
Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,  
I'll bless the kind summons, and lay down and die.

## FLORA'S MORAL LESSONS

TO YOUNG LADIES.

THOU, O rose, that scent'st the bushes,  
What a moral beauty made !

Ev'ry pencil paints thy blushes,  
Ev'ry pen tells they can fade ;

Leaving youth this humbling lesson,  
('Tis the thorn in beauty's flow'r,)

All the pomps of outward dressing  
Are but pageants of an hour.

O'er its parent foliage tending,  
(Modest worth will e'er excel,)

Yon bright rustic shines transcending  
O'er the gayest garden belle.

Hear its moral, ('tis the violet,)  
In a fragrant breeze convey'd,  
Whisp'ring Chloe at her toilette,  
" Borrow'd charms will sooneft fade."

Ev'ry hill and dale rejoices,  
Ev'ry poplar, ash, and thorn ;  
Here gay warblers tune their voices,  
In spontaneous hymns to morn.

Lift their song ; 'tis worth attending ;  
Hark ! a grateful strain of praise !  
Happy man ! were he but spending  
Thus the morning of his days.

But in worldly paths, uneven,  
Still accumulating gain,  
Not, alas ! a thought of Heaven  
Gives the wretch a moment's pain.

Let me then, content possessing  
Profit by the moral scene ;  
Thankful taste each current blessing,  
Fearless of the ills between.

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### HENRY AND LOUISA, AN INTERESTING TALE.

FROM THE ERRORS OF EDUCATION.

MY young friend, Louisa, is the daughter of a merchant in the city, of good fortune and connections, but a very large family ; and some losses by the late American war would not admit of his daughters' expecting more than very moderate provisions—there were *five* of them, all agreeable and accomplished. Louisa was the second, her person particularly pleasing and elegant, with a sweetness of disposition I never saw excelled.

Henry, the only son of one of our most opulent bankers, grew passionately fond of her, nor was she insensible

insensible to his passion, but with that sincerity and prudence which all young people ought to observe, she acquainted her mother with their mutual partiality. My friend instantly saw the many impediments to their union: Henry's father, he was persuaded, would expect much superior advantages in a daughter-in-law; added to which, party disputes had thrown the two fathers at a distance from all intimacy and probability of connection. Louisa's father was a violent partizan of Mr. Fox's, the other as strongly attached to Mr. Pitt; he represented to his daughter all those obstacles which must impede any union taking place, and advised her gradually to decline an intimacy which might prove destructive to her future peace. Conscious that she had received the advice of her best friend, Louisa determined implicitly to obey her father, and, whatever her heart felt, to be guided by *reason* only. Henry soon perceived the change, and, the first opportunity, eagerly besought her to tell him how he had incurred her displeasure.

With the utmost candour she repeated her father's advice, declaring her own resolution to abide by it; and intreating him to think of her no more, and to drop all further intimacy, which could only be productive of pain to both. Henry heard her with attention and the severest affliction; he had but one reply to make—he was an only son; it was impossible, he thought, his father could doom him to wretchedness, and he was determined to make the experiment. He flew to his father, and

opened

opened his heart without the least reserve. Astonishment and vexation overwhelmed the old Gentleman—he had for some time been projecting a match for his son with a Lady of rank, and though not of a fortune equal to her rank, yet much superior to what Louisa could expect.

Having recovered himself, he reproached his son in the bitterest terms for his poverty of spirit, refused his consent, nay, assured him of his everlasting displeasure, and the curse of a parent, if he did not instantly break off all acquaintance with Louisa and her family, the father of which he detested. The poor young man quitted him in an agony of grief; above any idea of duplicity, he wrote Louisa the event of his unfortunate application, and, knowing the rectitude of her sentiments, he dared not solicit her future favor. Her answer I have a copy of, which I will read.

#### LOUSIA TO HENRY.

“ You this day afforded me the most convincing proof of your esteem, and gave me consequence in my own eyes, by shewing I was not deceived in the opinion I had formed of your principles. The duty we owe our parents is the first duty in life, all others should be subservient to it; and what is the transient pain we feel from the disappointment of our wishes, to the heart-felt delight of knowing we have obliged the authors of our being? Preserve, dear Henry, that rectitude of principle which will ensure your future happiness; and consider, the tranquillity

ility of your father is in your hands ; 'tis not enough to obey his commands, you must prove to him, by an exertion of cheerfulness, that you find pleasure in so doing. How great will be your reward in a self-approving mind ! Your friend, Louisa, will be gratified by the esteem of a man so excellent ; and to consider her henceforth as a warm and disinterested friend, is the highest compliment you can pay her judgment. My mother desires me to acquaint you, your conduct has given you an additional claim to *her* esteem." —

I leave you to judge, my dear friends, if this letter did not add to the regrets of the unfortunate Henry. Several months elapsed, and, though they now and then saw each other in public, they never trusted themselves with any conversation ; but his pale countenance and fragile form too plainly evinced his heart was ill at ease. About three months ago, Louisa received a letter from her aunt (a sister of her mother's), who was advantageously settled in the East Indies ; she had buried an only daughter, and, being god-mother to Louisa, wrote to entreat her she would supply that loss, and hasten to her, promising her a very brilliant establishment. The father and mother, though loath to part with a child so amiable, yet, having several children, conceived they had no right to with-hold their consent to a measure, which seemed calculated for her advantage ; and, as the Governor's Lady was going over, they could form no excuse for delaying the desired visit. Her mother, indeed, had another reason ;

reason; she saw Louisa suffered much on Henry's account, and hoped the voyage and absence might conduce to the tranquillity of both.

Every preparation was made, and the news soon reached Henry's ears. Distracted by the thought of losing her, he again sought his father, poured out his complaints, and entreated his consent to his union with Louisa; but all was in vain; his father, greatly enraged, drove him from his sight with violence, and poor Henry retired to his apartment, a prey to the most poignant grief and despair; a slow nervous fever preyed on his constitution, and reduced him to the extreme weakness: Meantime the day arrived that was to separate the lovers, in all probability, for ever: Louisa had heard, with much concern, of Henry's situation, and, although her feelings were little short of his, her resolution enabled her to disguise them, and the separation from her parents was all that appeared to afflict her. On the morning of her embarkation she sent him this letter:—

“ 'Tis only this moment I have resolution to break through a promise once given, never to hold any future correspondence with my much-valued friend, Henry; but now, when about to quit England, perhaps for ever; when taking leave of all my dearest friends, sure I may, without reproach, bestow my best wishes on one whose thousand good qualities have endeared him to my heart, and who has no fault but *one*; yet that is a capital one. There is no merit, dear Henry, in performing a duty—

duty—to obey our parents is most certainly the strongest duty; but, if that obedience costs us no sacrifice, where is the debt we pay for all those years of tender anxiety which accompanied our childhood to the present hour?

“ Believe me, dear Henry, that, on the bed of sickness, one hour of retrospection, which can convey the pleasing idea of having given pleasure to a parent, by a voluntary cheerful sacrifice of a youthful inclination, will more than compensate for the painful effort; but to wound a father's feelings, by an appearance of sorrow and regret, after having complied with his wishes, is cruel and ungenerous: Exert your fortitude, your reason; remember what you owe to your father, to yourself, and to me.

“ Do you suppose it cost me nothing to resign the flattering hope of being your's? If you can suppose it, you must think me unworthy your smallest regard; if, on the contrary, I felt equally with yourself, will you be outdone in fortitude by a weak female? Ah! Henry, recollect yourself, prove yourself worthy Louisa's love and esteem; return to your father's arms with cheerfulness and resolution; exert yourself to prove the pleasure of obeying his commands is superior to all other considerations;—neither let your compliance with his wishes be a partial one—unite yourself to some amiable woman whom he may think worthy his beloved son; and experience in such an union that happiness which must result from a connection pleasing to all parties, void of regret or self-reproach.

G

My

My dearest friend, adieu ! be assured I shall be ever warmly interested in every event which honour and happiness may dictate for your repose. Consider me as a friend who will love the amiable woman that shall render Henry and his father happy.

“ LOUISA.”

This letter was delivered to Henry in the presence of his father ; knowing it to be Louisa's writing, he was scarce able to retire to the window, and, with trembling hands, broke the seal ; before he had quite gone through it, the letter fell to the ground, and, throwing himself into a chair, he almost instantly fainted. His father, very much alarmed, rang the bell for assistance, and, taking up the letter, put it into his pocket. As soon as poor Henry recovered his senses, his father, taking his hand, requested to know what had occasioned his disorder, and, producing the letter, “ Here is the paper you dropped (said he) ; may I be permitted to examine its contents ?” “ Yes, Sir (replied Henry), read it, and then judge of my feelings, and the value of that treasure now lost to me for ever.” He covered his face with his handkerchief, whilst his father read the letter with attention, and, after a few minutes silence, turning suddenly to his son, “ Harry (cried he), I will no longer oppose your wishes ; the writer of this letter deserves a diadem ; go, my son, fly to the house, prevent her voyage, and tell your Louisa, a father ~~want~~ to clasp her to his breast.” Joy was almost

as fatal in its effects as grief had been—sudden transitions are difficult to bear—poor Henry could not find words—he emphatically kissed his father's hand in silence, and flew out of the room. A few minutes brought him to the house of his Louisa—alas! she had set off for Gravesend four hours before.

Almost raving, he could scarce make the mourning mother sensible of his errand; he returned in agonies to his father, who consented to accompany him immediately to Gravesend; they rode post with the utmost speed, but when arrived were told she was already on board, and the ship under weigh. The sufferings of Henry are not to be expressed; however, a cutter was hired instantly, and without taking refreshment they set sail after the ship—they met a boat returning with the father and brother of Louisa; they hailed them, and in a few moments explained their design, to the utter astonishment of the father, who was entirely ignorant of the whole transaction. They turned the boat, and accompanied the lover: Fortunately, the ship had been retarded by the drawing up of one of the anchors; they came along-side of her, and in an instant Henry was on board.

Louisa had retired to the cabin with the Governor's lady; her brother prudently stopped Henry, and descending into the cabin, saw her drowned in tears. Surprised at seeing him again, “ My dear brother! (exclaimed she,) what is the matter? Where is my father? Surely I saw you row from the ship.”—“ My father is on deck; prepare yourself, my dear sister,

for a most delightful surprise; your voyage is suspended."—Before he could utter another word, Henry flew into the cabin, and, overcome with joy, fatigue, and a variety of emotions, he fell at her feet, deprived of sense.

Terror and astonishment fixed her to her chair motionless, and the same instant, before she had recovered the use of her faculties, she found herself in the arms of Henry's father, who pressed her to his bosom by the endearing name of daughter! Henry began to shew signs of life, and Louisa, thus authorised by his father, pressing his hand, repeatedly called him her dear, *dear Henry*. A flood of tears preserved her from fainting, and, in a few minutes, both were restored to a little composure—"My dear, my worthy girl (said the old gentleman), pardon me for all the distress I have given you; I knew not your value—but the young woman who could generously give up her own happiness to the will of a parent she had no reason to esteem, and from principle alone plead against her wishes, deserves to be made happy; and happy you shall be, if the warmest affection and esteem of your Henry and his father can make you so—I shall now go to the captain, and prepare for your removal."

Matters were soon settled on board, and the happy lovers returned with their parents to London; a few days re-established Henry's health, and they were speedily united, and are living monuments of matrimonial bliss.

## SERENA;

AN AMIABLE PORTRAIT, TAKEN FROM LIFE.

BY A LADY.

SERENA is now on the verge of *four score*. I lately made her a morning visit, and found her, as usual, polite, cheerful, and obliging, but without any other company than what her *library* afforded her. Our conversation happening to turn on poetry, she repeated Dryden's celebrated Ode on St. Cæcilia's day, with great propriety and harmony of voice; and afterwards another in Pindaric verse, of a superior length. But her strength of memory is not so great as her strength of judgment. With all the dignity of sentiment and energy of thought, Serena enters into the distinct merit of the most admired authors both ancient and modern, and expatiates upon their several beauties with amazing accuracy; and then adds, how much books sweeten and improve her decline of life, and hours of solitude.

With all the powers of learning and rhetoric she is possessed of, when in conversation with *younger* persons, she does not obtrude the scholar till she has first distinguished the taste and genius of her company. If they are of a literary turn, the sublimity of her judgment soon discovers itself in that way; otherwise, her modesty is such, that it conceals the treasures of her mind, till the key of encouragement is held out to her, to unlock her cabinet of intellectual riches.

Nor is Serena a mere book-worm, but has filled all the stations of domestic life with high honour, in the several characters of *wife, mother, and friend*. In the two former, her trials have been as arduous, as her conduct was exemplary. She repines not at ungenerous treatment, nor at the deprivations of fortune, which was great in her own right, but which now is sunk so low, that it lately made my noble friend resign her chariot, to support an unfortunate branch of her family, whose distress she could not prevent.

Yet her piety and fortitude are such, that she has borne some of the greatest shocks in human nature, with calmness and resignation. I will not enter into particulars—it would make too sad, too tender a story! But it extorts admiration and pity from me; and I am astonished to see such a philosophic soul inhabit such a weak form.

She strengthens my mind by her counsel, improves it by her communications, and inspires it with emulation by her example. She points out to me the great advantage of storing the mind with useful learning, which, in some sort, disarms age of its usual attendants, restlessness and languor, which are very wearisome guests to persons who have no taste for literature. But to those who have made acquisitions in science, reading will greatly promote their felicity, when friends and fortune forsake them.

In short, the true lustre of Serena's character is such, in every line of female duty and lasting accomplishment,

complishments, that I am incapable of doing justice to it by the feeble efforts of my pen

This heroine exercised as much humility in an elevated station of life, when caressed by all the blandishments of fortune, as she does now in more adverse circumstances. She often puts me in mind of Pandora's box, where hope was still left at the bottom.

Wisdom seemed to be her birth-right, for it has given her such an evenness of temper, that no cross accidents can ruffle, nor passions inflame.

Religion in her is exalted reason, refined and sifted from all superstition and flights of enthusiasm. The greatest effect I can observe that old age has made on this good venerable lady, is, the happy tendency it has had to deaden her affections to all transitory enjoyments, and to cast anchor on the shore of immutable felicity.

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#### SPLENDID MISERY.

ADDRESSED TO FORTUNE-HUNTERS OF BOTH SEXES.

FALSE are the charms by gold display'd;  
The mutual wish—the mutual aid,  
The sympathy of hearts can lead

Alone to nuptial joy.

Seduc'd by pride, parade, and gold,  
With all the pow'r its charms unfold,  
The sad fair victim's peace is sold—

What cannot gold destroy?

See

See Mira, lovely in her tears,  
 A prey to rage and jealous fears,  
 Her wit, her bloom, her tender years,  
 Entomb'd in Macer's arms.

See gentle Delia, mild as May,  
 Bewail that inauspicious day,  
 She wedded Av'rice and Decay,  
 Ill-nature and alarms.

If in the pow'r of *wealth* alone  
 Thou would'st thy sov'reign bliss enthrone,  
 For wealth I'll range the torrid zone,  
 And bear that wealth to thee;  
 O'er wat'ry worlds—thro' desert lands,  
 O'er barren heaths, and burning sands—  
 Encount'ring fate, thy lov'd commands  
 I'll bear at love's decree.

Stern as the Roman Father fate  
 Th' unfeeling fair, resolv'd as fate;  
 For happiness she learn'd to rate  
 From *fortune* and a *carriage* \*;  
 His ample rent-roll Crœsus show'd,  
 With instant fire Lucinda glow'd—  
 Wedded—their joys unceasing flow'd,  
 Three mornings after marriage.

Blest pair, enshrin'd in formal state,  
 Unseen, unknown, and poorly great,  
 With cold respect and inward hate  
 You count each passing hour—

\* Wealth and grandeur cannot insure happiness in any state or condition of life.

Proceed;—and while your lives declare  
What splendid miseries you share,  
Teach others to avoid the snare,  
Disguis'd by Fortune's pow'r.

## LADY JANE GRAY's LETTER \*

TO HER SISTER,

THE EVENING BEFORE SHE WAS BEHEADED IN THE TOWER.

I HAVE sent you, my dear sister Katherine, a book, which, though it be not externally adorned with gold, and the curious embroidery of the most artful needles, yet internally it is of more value than all the precious mines the wide world can boast of. It is the book, my only, best, and best beloved sister, of the law of our great Redeemer. It is the testimony and last will which he bequeathed to us wretched sinners, to lead us in the path of eternal happiness; and, if you read it with an attentive mind, and an earnest desire of following its precepts, it will surely bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die; it will win you more, and endow you with greater felicity, than you could have gained by possessing the estates of our afflicted father: And as you would have inherited his honours and estates had the Almighty prospered his undertakings; so, if you apply diligently to this book,

\* This letter was written in Greek, on the blank leaves of a New Testament, in the same language; which she bequeathed as a legacy to her sister the Lady Katherine.

labouring

labouring to direct your life according to the rule it contains, you shall be an inheritor of such riches as neither the covetous can withdraw from you, the thief steal, nor the moth corrupt.

Desire with David, my dear sister, to understand the law of the Lord your God; live still to die, that you may through death obtain eternal life: And flatter not yourself that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your days; for all hours, times, and seasons, are alike to the Almighty when he calleth; and blessed are they whose lamps are furnished when he cometh. The Lord will be equally glorified in the young, as in the old. My good sister, once more let me intreat thee to learn to die: Deny the world, defy the devil, despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord: Be penitent for your sins, but do not despair: Be strong in faith, but do not presume; and desire, with St. Paul, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Imitate the good servant, and even at midnight be waking; lest, when death stealeth upon you, like a thief in the night, you be found sleeping with the servants of darkness; and lest, for want of oil, like the *foolish* virgins, you be refused admittance to the marriage-supper, or, like him who had not on the wedding garment, be cast into outer darkness.

Rejoice in the Redeemer of mankind, as I trust you do; and as you have taken the name of a Christian, follow, as near as possible, the steps, and be a true imitator, of your great Master Christ

Jesus;

Jesus; take up your cross, lay your sins on his shoulders, and always embrace him.

With regard to my death, rejoice as I do, my dearest sister, that I shall be delivered from this body of corruption, and clothed with the garment of incorruption; for I am assured that I shall, by losing this mortal life, obtain one that is immortal, joyful, and everlasting, which I pray the Almighty to give you, whenever he shall please to call you hence, and to send you his all-sufficient grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith, from which I exhort you, in the name of your Almighty Father, never to swerve, either from the hopes of life or the fears of death: For if you would deny his truth, to prolong a weary and corrupt being, Omnipotence himself will deny you, and cut short by his vengeance, what you were desirous of prolonging by the loss of your soul: But if you will cleave to him, he will extend your days to a period uncircumscribed, and to his own glory: To which God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it shall please him to call you. Farewell once more, my beloved sister, and put your whole trust in the Almighty, who alone can help you. Amen.

Your loving Sister,

JANE DUDLEY\*.

\* She was a lady of the most amiable person, the most engaging disposition, the most accomplished parts; and being of an equal age with the late king (Edward VI.), she had received

## THE LADIES MONITOR.

ADDRESSED TO EVERY FAIR READER, WHETHER SINGLE  
OR MARRIED.

THE maxims which I shall here lay down, will be such as authors and experience have alike given

received all her education with him, and seemed even to possess a greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and polite literature. She had attained a knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, beside modern tongues; and passed most of her time in application to learning; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements usual with her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, having at one time paid her a visit, found her employed in reading of Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the Park; and upon his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him, that she received more pleasure from that author than the others could reap from all their sport and gaiety. Her heart, full of this passion for literature and the elegant arts, and of tenderness towards her husband, who was deserving of her affection, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the information of her advancement to the throne was by no means agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the honour; pleading the preferable right of the two princesses, expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say criminal; and desired to remain in that private station in which she was born. Overcome, at last, rather by the importunity, than reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and above all of her *husband*, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment.

“ Warning

given sanction to, the observance of which must be attended with all the blessings of content and tranquillity, while the neglect of them is sure to hazard, in some measure, either the peace of mind, or the self-satisfaction of those to whom they are addressed.

“ Warning was given to lady Jane to prepare for death: A doom which she had long expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered no unwelcome news to her. The queen’s bigotted zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner’s soul, induced her to send divines, who molested her with perpetual disputations; and even a reprieve of three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare. Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by all the arguments then in use, but also to write a letter to her sister in the Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance.

“ On the day of her execution, her husband, the lord Guilford, desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, and sent him word, that the tenderness of their parting might probably overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy, which their approaching end required of them. Their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be indissolubly united; and where death, disappointments, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or break in upon their felicity and repose.”

In this little epitome, both maidens and married women will find something worthy of their notice, and all ranks and degrees see some matters which may justly merit their attention.

We are not insensible, that to give advice is a nice task, and that it is frequently hard to take it properly; but relying on the goodness of our design, we hope to recommend what we shall offer, not for its energy, but for its truth; not so much for its elegance as for its sincerity.

To the maidens I would first address myself, and would advise them to be careful in their conduct while *single*, on which, in a great measure, must depend their happiness in a future state, in which their connections must necessarily be multiplied, as their sphere of life is extended, and which, in effect, is the perfection of their designation in this sublunary world. Chastity, the honour and ornament of the female sex, is so well known to be the bond of every virtue, that it must be needless, in a work of this sort, to attempt its eulogium: But we cannot but take notice, that there are many women who would by no means transgress its known rules by an absolute offence, who yet, by a certain levity in their behaviour, give occasion to the “Talkers in a populous city,” to say things of them, which it would wound the ear of modesty to hear, and which, however false, it is sometimes impossible absolutely to refute.—It is likewise to be observed, that a levity of this kind is apt to tempt the attempts of men: Now, as virtue can never be so well

well guarded, but that *design* may, at least, have a chance to overcome it, when insinuation has planted a previous love or esteem; it follows, that it must be dangerous to shew the least appearance of an invitation—You should, therefore, “Fly from the appearance, shun the *name* of *vice*.” Always remembering, that though a *prudish* austerity is absurd and ridiculous, yet, improper liberties will never be attempted or solicited by the man who wants you for a *wife*; unless it be to prove a weakness which he suspected before, and which, having once discovered, it is likely that he will be the first to despise.

Affectation is the next error which I shall take notice of—This is sufficient, in the first place, to defeat the very end it is meant to attain, by destroying beauty where it really is, and rendering indifferent features still more ordinary, in proportion as the behaviour is disgusting.

A multitude of admirers is an object too generally coveted by young females, yet it is certainly a very improper method, to be taken by such as wish to be happy in matrimony. Sensible and well-meaning, worthy and sincere men, are seldom attracted within the circle of those who adopt this conduct; if they should fall within it, it is very seldom that they long retain the slight chains of such a love.—In particular, it is remarkably improper and absurd for a woman, who has already a sensible lover, to languish for a number of flatterers to admire her—should she miss of her aim, she *fan-*

ties herself unhappy; should she *succeed*, she is likely to be *really* so. A man who values his own honour, or the dignity proper for the female whom he addresses to assume, will by no means admit of this plurality of lovers, any more than the laws will admit of a plurality of husbands.

A neatness, without excess, in point of dress, a prudent restraint of the tongue, a moderation in taking diversions, and an unaffected ease and politeness joined to the usual accomplishments, must complete the character of an accomplished Lady in a single state; and will, in the end, outweigh the transitory, though delightful, charms of a beautiful person.

However, it frequently happens that women, as soon as they are married, seem to think their task is entirely done; yet it is no less common for them to find that it is just then to begin again. It is often an easier matter to *win* a man than to *keep* him; and those who have found little trouble in conquering a sweetheart, have had no small difficulty in preserving the affections of a husband.

In the first place, there is nothing more proper, than to observe, with the utmost nicety, the temper of the person to whom you are to be joined in matrimony—For this is the very key to happiness in that state, and if it be not found, all other efforts will be ineffectual. It is in vain to conclude, that, from the apparent disposition of the former lover, you may draw that of the husband. It is not so; it *cannot* be so; for, besides that the *best* humours

humours of the former are only seen, circumstances being altered, will doubtless make an apparent alteration in the same person, to which the knowledge of his natural disposition must lead you. It is to this alone you must expect to owe that empire which you wish to maintain over the heart you have conquered; though, amongst the variety of dispositions observable in men, there are but few, where an even mildness, on the side of the female, will best secure her sway; and she will always rule most perfectly, who seems not ambitious of governing.—Jealousy is what every married woman should beware of; when once she admits of it, she treasures up anxiety in her mind—Should she entertain it in her bosom, it will be perpetually preying, as it were, upon her vitals; if she is imprudent enough to avow it, there will ever be found a number of officious people, who will fill her ears with tales which will destroy her peace. The fond wife will then be looked upon as a kind of domestic foe; for her husband will shun her accordingly, and whenever they are together, they will be the mutual torment of each other.

As jealousy is productive of so much infelicity, so I would advise my fair readers, while they avoid it themselves, to take the utmost care never to give the slightest apparent cause for it to their husbands.—Levity is certainly no less blameable in the conduct of a married, than of a single woman.—Bound by the most solemn ties, she owes it to *herself*, not even to appear careless of them.—She is, be-

sides, to remember that, according to the custom of the world, her husband's honour is in her keeping; she owes it to *him*, not to seem regardless of it. It is not enough that she *is* spotless, she must take care to *appear* so to the world, as she values her happiness in the matrimonial state. I shall conclude this address with two short histories, which may exemplify the ill effects of either being jealous, or giving cause of jealousy to others: As they are taken from *real* life, they cannot but prove applicable, and, in consequence, I hope will be of utility to those for whom they are designed.

Æmilia was a young lady of fortune, who to a handsome person joined many accomplishments, such as attracted the notice, and in the end triumphed over the heart of Hilario, a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who thought himself supremely happy when Hymen had crowned his wishes: But, alas! this happiness lasted but a very short time: They had not been united six months, before he found, to his sorrow, that his wife was one of the most jealous of women. This was the more unfortunate for him, as he was of a gay disposition. He could not now stir out without being suspected of going to some favourite mistress; he could not go to a tavern to enjoy the company of a friend, without being sought for all over the town by his footman, to deliver messages from his wife, who either herself, or by proxy, haunted him every-where; and carried her absurd suspicions so far, as to be jealous of her younger sister, who being dependent

pendant on her, she treated her on this account most cruelly. In effect, she grew so disagreeable to Hilario, that his former love turned at length to indifference, and even to disgust.—As there was no legal cause for a divorce, a separation was at length agreed upon: Hilario having broken the bonds of love, now abandons himself to lawless pleasures, and speaks with contempt of that state, which a little prudence on the wife's side might have rendered happy:—While the abandoned Æmilia, who still professes that she loves the man whom she has thus driven away from her, sighs in solitude, a married widow, as she had been a most imprudent wife.

The other history I shall relate, is still more melancholy. Ariana, a young lady of great beauty, though but a small fortune, was married to Alcastor, a gentleman, whose great riches were far from being his chief recommendation: As he loved his wife with ardour, so it is easy to imagine that it might be possible to excite jealousy in his breast; but Ariana was not of a temper to dread this; she took no pains to correct, or even to conceal the levity of her disposition, and when it had sometimes been hinted to her, that her conduct might prove disagreeable to her husband, and, perhaps, make him jealous, she used to say—Then she should have the stronger proof of his love, and the greater compliment would be paid to her own accomplishments.—All remonstrances she treated with contempt or indifference, and it was not

with-

without real pain that her husband beheld her conduct, while she accompanied almost every handsome young fellow, playing the married coquette, and seeming to take a pleasure in wounding the heart that loved her. However, as Alcastor had not as yet fixed on any particular person for the object of his suspicion, he forbore to give way to absolute jealousy, though he could not forbear grieving at a conduct so justly reproachable. At length, however, the period arrived, which seemed to confirm the worst of his fears.—While Alcastor was gone out of town for some time, about particular business, a young gentleman was observed to come frequently to Ariana, to escort her to public places, and to spend many hours with her in private. As this stranger seemed to be, as it were on a sudden, so familiar with the lady, it became a public talk, insomuch that Alcastor was informed of it at the coffee-house. He could now no longer forbear unfolding his mind to Ariana, which he did in a manner not very agreeable, and after having in vain inquired the stranger's business at his house, preremptarily forbade her ever to see him more. His spouse told him his jealousy was groundless, and as she thought herself the proper guardian of her own honour, she should act as she thought proper upon the occasion. This was all the answer she deigned to give him.

In the morning he departed in anger, and returning at night, was informed that this very stranger was actually then alone with Ariana.

Fired.

Fired at once with jealousy and rage at the contempt wherewith his orders had been treated, he flew up stairs with his sword drawn in his hand, and bursting with his foot a door which was *not* fastened, but which his fancy represented as locked and bolted to oppose his entrance, he rushed upon the stranger, who was a youth about twenty, and who had scarcely time to draw his sword, before he received a mortal wound from the enraged husband: He fell, and expired almost immediately, and Ariana, as she sunk on the ground, exclaimed—You have killed my brother! Words cannot paint the grief and astonishment of Alcastor: He now recollect-  
ed some features of the unhappy youth, whom he had not seen for above four years, the time elapsed since his marriage.—A trusty servant had followed him up stairs, but too late to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. Enraged at himself for his cruelty, and dreading the shame of an ignominious trial, Alcastor fell upon his own sword, and expired within a few hours. When Ariana recovered, and beheld the scene of blood which her levity had occasioned, she fell from one swooning fit into another; a fever and delirium ensued, which in a few days put an end to her life, in the 26th year of her age.

Such were the fatal effects of that levity, which gave an *apparent* cause for jealousy, where there was no *real* one. Those who would be happy and respected, should avoid such a levity, always re-  
membering, that “ It is often, not only the *real*

tenor

tenor of their conduct, but the *opinions* which people form of it, that must, in this world, constitute their happiness."

BENEDICT.

FEMALE EXCELLENCIES:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF MARGUERITE OF VALOIS.

FROM the many instances of the superiority and excellence of the female sex, we have selected that of this heroine, whose noble conduct, and virtuous qualities, will be celebrated to the remotest ages of time.

Marguerite of Valois, Queen of Navarre, was sister to Francis I. and born at Angouleme the 11th of April 1472, and was a princess endowed with the most extraordinary talents, and equally admired for her virtue, piety, and wit, as the productions of her pen testify—Her education was at the court of Lewis XII. and superintended with the greatest care.

In 1509 she married the Duke of Alençon, with whom she lived happily till the year 1525, when she became a widow.

Her affection for her brother Francis was carried to the greatest length, at the time he was unfortunately made a prisoner. She went into Spain to plead his cause; and her services on that occasion equally promoted his interest as they illustrated

her

her fame.—Her eloquence was manly, nervous, and pathetic, and caught the attention of her auditors, who were astonished at her amazing powers. The situation of Francis she truly delineated, and her arguments, when she pleaded, were of that force, that she gained from the Emperor the cause for which she sued.

The superiority of her abilities was such, that she was admitted to the grand consultation.

She married, in 1527, Henry D'Albert, King of Navarre; for whose cause she diligently applied herself to conduct the affairs of his kingdom; and by her prudent management was of the first importance in the state.

This excellent personage was not only conspicuous in public affairs, but equally cultivated the fine arts, the belles lettres and poetry, and composed some works of consequence in verse and prose; and the light, airy, and pleasing style of her Heptameron, in the manner of Boccace, will ever make her recordant in memory.

She was equally the patron and protector of the literati, and all such as from merit, or persecution, claimed her patronage.

After a life of honour, rectitude, and conduct, she concluded it on the 2d of December 1549, and was buried in the Castle of Pau.

This history evinces, that the fair part of the creation only require their virtues to be illustrated, to shew that, when occasions have called them forth,

forth, they have not been deficient in conduct and actions worthy to be recorded.

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### CONJUGAL AFFECTION;

OR,

#### THE HISTORY OF SABINUS AND EMPONA.

JULIUS SABINUS having engaged the interest of the Gauls, caused himself to be proclaimed emperor of Rome; but being defeated, he fled to his country-house, and set it on fire, in order to raise a report that he had perished. This scheme answered his end, for he was there believed to have suffered a voluntary death. But, in the mean time, he lay concealed with his treasures (for he was immensely rich) in a cave which he had caused to be dug in a solitary place, and which was known only to two of his freedmen, upon whose fidelity he could depend. He might easily have withdrawn into Germany; but he could not prevail on himself to abandon his wife, whom he passionately loved.

Sabinus, that no one might doubt of his death, did not, for some time, even undeceive his wife, who solemnized his exequies with great pomp, bewailed him with many tears, and at last, no longer able to bear the loss of an husband for whom she had the sincerest affection, resolved not to outlive him, and began to abstain from all food. This news alarmed

Sabinus;

Sabinus; and therefore, by means of Martialis, one of his freed-men, he informed her that he was still alive, and acquainted her with the place where he lay concealed, desiring her at the same time to suppress her joy, lest the secret might be thence betrayed.—Empona heard the relation with inexpressible pleasure, and pretending business in the country, flew to her husband.—The cave to her was then preferable to a palace, for there only she was happy. She went frequently to see him, and sometimes contrived to stay whole weeks unsuspected.—She had even two children by him, who were born and brought up in the cave.

When at Rome she continued to bewail him as dead—and concealed the whole with exemplary fidelity and wonderful address; nay, she found means to convey him to the city, upon what motive we know not; and from thence back to his cave, so well disguised that he was by no one known.—But after he had passed *nine* years in this manner, he was at length discovered by some persons who narrowly watched his wife, upon her frequently absenting herself from her own house, and followed her to the cave without being discovered.

Sabinus was immediately seized, and sent to Rome loaded with chains, together with his wife, who throwing herself at the emperor's feet, and presenting to him her two tender infants, endeavoured with her tears and entreaties to move him to compassion.—Vespasian, the emperor, could not help weeping at so affecting an object; nevertheless

less he condemned both her and her husband, and caused them soon after to be executed. Cruel tyrant! humanity blushes for thee.

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## THE ART OF BEAUTY :

OR,

MENTAL CHARMS PREFERABLE TO A PRETTY FACE.

IN the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, *colour* and *proportion*; and it will appear that even in common estimation these are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: So the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, the disposition of features, or the colour of skin. It is something not fixed in any feature, but diffused over all; a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is, perhaps, possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in *smiles*, but varies, as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects: It is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of real friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm that captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments,

or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity—affectedness: It will produce innumerable grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers for a time.

Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore soon preponderate, and the aspect and the apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health; it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends chiefly upon the mind\*, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the pre-

\* Regard not your faces, but chiefly take care,  
Your minds are well furnish'd; the matter lies there.

minent passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; that an angry, a disdainful, a subtil, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenances when they cease to act: The prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment equally endanger the possessor: "It is (to use an Eastern metaphor) like "the towers of a city, not only an ornament but "a defence." If it excites desire, it at once controls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity; every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope

of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity, and the breath of the strongest obligations.

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## REFLECTIONS ON CHARITY.

WRITTEN LAST CHRISTMAS.

The heart that bleeds for others woes,  
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;  
The breast that happiness bestows,  
Reflected happiness shall bless.

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THE virtuous and good may adopt these sentiments as their own ; the beauty of the expression only, is the Poet's. But as every mind is not susceptible of its noble consequences, it may not be improper, at this season, to recommend a disposition of mind, at once so beautiful and exalted.

Charity, in the various sences of that word, is so extensive, that, to point out all the branches in which its excellence consists, would render me too diffusive. I shall, therefore, consider this transcendent virtue in *one* view only—that of relieving the necessitous and distressed.

A reflecting mind cannot avoid the deepest concern at seeing affluence diverted from the voice of misery. That wealth, which might render thousands comfortable, is squandered in dissipation and folly ; and sometimes at the expence of all that is dear

dear and valuable in life ! If a small part of luxury was allotted to the relief of indigence, would it not introduce those unspeakable pleasures, which neither grandeur nor luxury can confer ?

Riches, when considered and employed as entrusted to our care, by the benign Source of every good, as conducive to the felicity of our fellow-creatures, confer on the possessor a satisfaction, which none but the truly good can know ; but when they are subservient only to the views of avarice and ambition, they are too often destructive of our happiness and peace.

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#### FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

##### A TRUE STORY.

IN the year 1637, Judge Crook having a cause to settle concerning ship-money, and being fearful of exposing himself to the resentment of a wicked and powerful ministry, had determined to give judgment for the King ; but his wife, a woman of true virtue, addressing him in a style of Spartan magnanimity, conjured him not to err against his conscience and his honour, for fear of incurring danger or poverty. For herself, she would be content to suffer want, or any misery, rather than be the occasion of his acting against his judgment and his conscience.

Crook, struck with the exalted sentiments, and strengthened with the farther encouragements, of

so dear and persuasive a friend, altered his purpose, and not only gave his opinion against the King, but argued with a noble boldness and firmness on the side of Law and Liberty.

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## THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

ADDRESSED TO STELLA.

SAY, dearest Stella, why this pensive air?  
Tell me, O tell thy sorrows and thy care;  
Why thy lips tremble, and thy cheeks are pale?  
Why heaves thy bosom with a mournful gale?  
Let not thy eyes for *distant* evils flow,  
Nor rack thy bosom with prophetic woe:  
Imagin'd ills deceive our aking eyes,  
As lengthen'd shades appear of monstrous size,  
When setting Phœbus gilds the ev'ning skies.

Tho' pictur'd joy deludes our panting souls,  
When round the heart its smiling phantom rolls;  
The gay impostor mocks our reaching arms;  
Yet while it lasts, the pleasing vision charms:  
Not so Distrust her gloomy forehead rears;  
She brings cold anguish and a crowd of fears;  
Ah lovely Stella! as you prize your rest,  
Expel this fury from your guiltless breast.

The wise and gracious Guardian of mankind  
To every person has their draught assign'd;

And

And tho' no pearls should in our portion fall,  
Let us be cheerful while he spares the gall.

But coldly view'd, or quickly thrown aside,  
See cringing Merit at the gates of Pride ;  
See wit and wisdom (that our fathers priz'd)  
In youth neglected, as in age despis'd :  
With aking bosom and a streaming eye  
The hoary soldier sees his honour fly ;  
Who in old age must to oppression bow,  
And yield his laurels to a younger brow :  
Those laurels shall the proud successor wear  
A while ; then strip, and leave them to his heir.

If these are wretched, let us not repine,  
Whose meaner talents ne'er were made to shine.  
Our good and ill, our vice and virtue falls  
Within the compass of domestic walls ;  
To those small limits be thy views confin'd,  
Enjoy thy cottage with a humble mind :  
That man is happy who desires no more,  
Contented minds may smile when counted poor.

Look not at wealth that dazzles from afar,  
Nor envy Florio his gilded car ;  
For all degrees their days of anguish know,  
And the most happy have a taste of woe.  
Then calmly take what Providence ordains,  
He swells the load who murmurs and complains ;  
For all things vary ; he who is to-day  
Half drown'd in tears, to-morrow may be gay \*.

\* Sorrow may endure for a night ; but joy shall come in the morning.

## MARIA;

## A LIVING CHARACTER, WORTHY IMITATION.

THE generality of people in high life are so intoxicated with the pleasures and dissipations of the present age, that Virtue is really become in a manner wholly disesteemed and neglected. Fortune, Titles, and Beauty, are, alas ! now the only objects of applause or emulation ; and though we now and then (though indeed but seldom) hear the good qualities of individuals hinted at in our public prints, yet it is done in a trifling and indifferent manner ; and all the labours of panegyric are bestowed upon birth-day suits and new carriages.

Indeed public amusements crowd so fast upon each other ; dissipation, dress, and extravagance, are so predominant, that it is almost impossible for those who move in the fashionable world, to cultivate the qualities which are amiable in private life. Parents now-a-days have little time, and, alas ! less inclination, to inculcate in their children a *virtuous* or *rational* way of thinking ; and how should their children, supposing them even to receive the most excellent lessons, profit from them, when almost every example they are presented with, tends a different way ?

It is in the tranquil, and comparatively obscure path of life, where true worth is most likely to be found :

found; in that path which education has beautified and enlightened, but where Pleasure has never appeared under any thing like the form of Dissipation.

It will not, I trust, be deemed impertinent in me to describe a living character who moves in this path, the ornament of her sex, and the delight of all who know her: It is a small tribute, which I feel uncommon satisfaction in paying to real merit, from which my chief happiness is derived; and it may possibly not be unacceptable to many, who, like myself, prefer the charms which shed a lustre over domestic enjoyments, to those which sparkle only from a side-box, or in a ball-room.

Gentleness of temper is surely the foundation of most of those virtues which adorn the female sex; it is what heaven has called peculiarly its own, and is sufficient of itself to make its owners beloved and respected. Maria possesses this in the most eminent degree; but it is not in her the result of timidity, or want of commerce with the world, which will often give an appearance of gentleness, without the reality: It proceeds from that benignity of mind, which, though filled with sensibility, has nothing irritable about it. She could bear disappointment or insult without emotion; but, with the distress of another, every feeling is in unison, and her heart sympathetically alive all over. This amiable temper is still heightened and adorned by a charity, which not only prompts pity and relief

lief to every temporal distress, but extends itself to the faults and frailties, as well as misfortunes, of mankind. To remove any prejudice; to heal a wounded reputation; to draw a good-natured veil over the foibles of others\*; or kindly to turn the conversation, when tending to expose them; are duties which Maria thinks indispensably necessary, and which she most punctually performs.

Her manners are rather meek than sprightly; but ever engagingly sweet, and attentively directed to oblige every one around her. She is sensible, discerning, and accomplished; yet both her understanding and accomplishments are rather discovered by others, than obtruded upon them by herself. Her ideas are generous without being extravagant; and in the management of domestic affairs, economical without being mean. Her servants find her a kind and considerate mistress; her friends, a sincere and engaging companion; and her husband, a tender and endearing partner; to whom anger, disgust, or satiety, will be utter strangers for life.

Long, long, O amiable Maria! mayst thou live, a pattern to thy sex for all those good qualities which adorn and sweeten life; and whenever Heaven calls thee to itself, not a bosom with whom thou hast communicated, but shall feel the throb of for-

\* Well may it be engraven on a tombstone in a country church-yard,

What faults you saw in me take care to shun,  
And look at home; enough there 's to be done.

sorrow at thy loss; not an eye but shall stream with the gush of sensibility and regret.

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## THE AGREEABLE DISCOVERY:

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

HARRIOT was the only daughter of a gentleman who had been distrest by misfortunes; but being by a rich uncle left with a plentiful estate, had retired with an amiable wife to a delightful village, in Dorsetshire; where they enjoyed the happiness and peace which ever flow from humble and contented minds. Harriot was about that time *seventeen*; tall, exquisitely shaped, though she was not a regular beauty, and had so much grace and sweetness as charmed all hearts and gained their love, even when these attractions appeared least conspicuous. She had a sweetness of temper, and an affability, which delighted her fond parents, who only wished to see her happy.

About this time Harriot's father received a letter from a friend, acquainting him that he had lost the best of fathers; and, having no relations, he hoped he would not think it too much trouble in fulfilling his father's will, by becoming his *guardian*. Horatio wrote Leander a most affectionate letter, and offered him his house.

K

Leander

Leander in about a month arrived: He was a most accomplished youth, blest with a very affluent fortune, and a person and mind equally accomplished; and with so many engaging qualities, could Harriot long behold him with indifference? With pain she saw only a common politeness in him. She was almost certain that he entertained no regard for her friendship; yet could not get the better of a passion which made her more and more unhappy. Horatio also wished that his daughter might appear agreeable in the eyes of Leander. One day, when he was with Harriot alone, Leander broke a silence which had continued near a quarter of an hour.

“ My dear friend (said he, taking her hand), I have such a sincere friendship for you, that I cannot help relating my secret attachments, however impertinent they may appear to be. I have long been an admirer of a young lady, whom if you knew, I am certain you would be of my opinion, in thinking her possessed of every accomplishment to render any man happy; but a certain timidity (call it weakness, or what you will) has prevented me declaring myself her lover, and I could wish that so good an advocate as you, would undertake the task.” At that instant Horatio entered, and put an end to the most painful conflict Harriot had ever been in: She, at the first opportunity, retired to vent her disappointed love, and unhappy situation. She passed the night in the utmost perplexity, but rose early in the morning, and hastened

to

to a bower to examine the contents of a letter she had found in the drawing-room ; her surprise was great to meet Leander there.

After the usual compliments of the morning had passed, Leander said, " I was cruelly interrupted yesterday evening in a discourse which concerned my happiness, but hope to finish it now : I have brought you the portrait of the only fair-one I can ever think on ;" so saying, he pulled out a pocket case, and held it to her face ; but how great was her astonishment, instead of beholding the much envied fair-one, to see her *own* mirror in a pocket glass. He discovered no trace of discontentment in her countenance, and offered her his hand and heart, which Harriot received with pleasure. Horatio's consent was only wanting, which was gained as soon as asked. They were soon after married, and none lived more happy, or gave brighter patterns of conjugal felicity.

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### AN ADDRESS TO LADIES

RESPECTING MARRIAGE, DRESS, &c.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

WITH respect to marriage, *fortune*, *splendour*, and *greatness*, are alone the cry of mercenary friends ; but I am not of their opinion. I have seen many wretched in marriage, with all the trappings of greatness. I have known a still greater

number happy, who have had only "a dinner of herbs, and love therewith." Do not therefore suffer your imagination to be dazzled with mere splendour. Never fancy that brilliance is connected with the mind, or that the happiness of women, any more than that of men, "confisteth in the abundance of the things that they possess." An immoderate fondness for shew is a great misfortune. It has led many a poor girl to sacrifice herself to some illiterate boor, who had nothing but his affluence to recommend him. If such should ever be your misfortune, I need not mention what would be your feelings. If you was prudent enough to avoid all other evil consequences (and many such, experience records, but delicacy forbears to mention), you might live to envy the ruddy, unambitious milk-maid, whose toils are sweetened by conjugal attachment, and whose blooming children cheer the seeming infelicities of human life.

How wretched must be a woman, united to a man, whom she does not prefer to every other in the world! What secret preferences must steal into her heart! What unquiet thoughts take possession of her fancy! And what can men of principle call such an act, but legal prostitution? If I was a despotic tyrant, I would inflict this punishment on the woman I abhorred; she should entertain a private partiality for one person, and be married to another.

Never

Never suffer yourself to think of a man who has not *religious* principles. A good man alone is capable of true attachment, fidelity, and affection. Others may feel a fugitive passion, but on this, alas! you can place no dependence. It may be abated by caprice, supplanted by some new favourite, palled by possession; and, at any rate, will last no longer than your personal charms; though those charms may have faded by almost laying down your life for their sakes, by bringing them a beautiful offspring into the world. During the flattering season of courtship men will always endeavour to appear in their best colours, and put on all the appearance of good-humour. But supposing this good humour *real*, it proves too often a fluctuating, unsteady principle, depending chiefly on the motion of the blood and spirits. Nothing but *religion* is permanent and unchangeable, always consistent, and always the same \*.

A man of *this* cast will never fail to treat you with tenderness and attention. If little provocations happen, he will soften them with gentleness; if offences come, he will be shielded with patience; if his own temper be unhappy, he will correct it by the assistance of divine grace and serious reflection; if misfortunes affail you, he will bear them with resignation; in every exigence, he will be a friend; in all your troubles, a stay; in your

\* *Religion's all*, says Dr. Young.

sickness, a physician; and when the last convulsive moment comes, he will leave you with his tears, and with his prayers and blessing. All his impetuous passions he will suppress, from a sense of duty; and if ever, by an unguarded folly, he should unfortunately have hurt your feelings, or violated your peace; he will suffer more pain from the private recollection of it than he can possibly have inflicted upon you. Ten thousand cares, anxieties, and vexations, will mix with the married state. Religion is the only principle that can infuse an healing balm, inspire both parties with serenity and hope, dispose them to mutual concessions and forbearance, and prompt them to share each other's burdens with alacrity and ease.

The next thing you should look for is, a person of a *domestic* cast. This will, most frequently, be found in men of the most virtuous hearts and improved understandings. They will always have abundance of entertainment in private, unknown to vulgar minds. And these will secure them from seeking their happiness in the factitious pleasures of the world. Never think of marrying a weak man, in hopes of governing him. Silly people are often more peevish and refractory than you would suppose; but if you could even gain your point, and by great address and management rise to the helm, I should not, by any means, congratulate your success. Marry whom you will, one further lesson is necessary to your happiness, as well

well as that of the person with whom you are connected—and that is, to consider your home as the daily scene of your pleasures and your happiness. A turn for dissipation, in any woman, is unseemly, but, in a *married* one, it is criminal in the extreme. The tour of a woman's gaiety should terminate with marriage. From that moment her pursuits should be solid, and her pleasures circumscribed within the limits of her household. So much as this she vowed at the altar: So much her interests and felicity require.

Having said thus much on the subject of marriage, let me now proceed to recommend *neatness*, which cannot be cultivated with too much attention. I would press it on every female, as strongly, if possible, as Lord Chesterfield did the graces on his son. The want of it is unpardonable in a man, but in a *woman* it is shocking. It disgusts all her friends and intimates; has estranged the affections of many an husband, and made him seek that satisfaction abroad, which he found not at home. Some ladies, who were remarkably attentive to their persons before marriage, neglect them afterwards in an egregious manner. They cannot pay a worse compliment to their own delicacy, or to their husbands. If they conceived some efforts necessary to gain the prize, more, I am sure, are required to preserve it.

It is the opinion of (I believe) *Rochefoucault*, that nice observer of life and manners, that the affection

affection of women increases after marriage, whilst that of men is apt to decline. Whatever be the cause, a prudent woman will, at least, use every method in her power, to guard against so mortifying a change. Neatness, however, is easily practised, and will always have considerable weight. In the eyes of servants and domestics, indeed, a woman loses her consequence and authority by a neglect of her person. She will not be obeyed with cheerfulness, and she will become an object of ridicule, in all their private parties and conversations.

Neatness is the natural garb of a well-ordered mind, and has a near alliance with purity of heart. Law has said of his Miranda, that she was always clean without, because she was always pure within. And Richardson has painted his Clarissa, as always dressed before she came down stairs, fit for any company, that might break in upon her, during the whole day. Finery is seldom graceful. The easy undress of a morning often pleases more, than the most elaborate and costly ornaments. The nearer you approach to the masculine in your apparel, the further you will recede from the appropriate graces and softness of your sex. Addison, in his day, lashed, with a delicate vein of irony, this absurd transformation. The present age wants such an inimitable censor. The riding-habits, particularly, that have been so fashionable, and even made their appearance at all public places,

conceal

conceal every thing that is attractive in a woman's person, her figure, her manner, and her graces. They wholly unsex her, and give her the unpleasing air of an Amazon, or a virago.

Painting is also indecent, offensive, and criminal. It hastens the approach of wrinkles; it destroys constitutions, and defaces the image of your Maker. The woman who practises it, deserves no other admiration than the false and transient one, of appearing beautiful, from a passing carriage—for when she is approached, and the artifice discovered, she is justly despised and shrank from by every man of sense, spirit, and virtue.

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#### A FATHER's ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER

##### ON HER GOING OUT TO SERVICE.

DO not, my dear, treat with indifference the advice of a parent, who has bought wisdom by experience; and who can have no other view in the trouble he is now taking, but to teach you how to shun those dangers, which have proved the destruction of thousands of your sex, and will of many more yet unborn.

In the *first* place, remember how young you are, and how easily your youthful mind may be led astray, if you be not exceedingly cautious in your conduct. For this reason, be never too confident  
of

of your own resolutions, but religiously avoid even the appearance of temptation. Do not let the consideration, that you are now in some measure your own mistress, throw you off your guard; but consider it rather as a dangerous acquisition to one of your age.

Attend divine service as often as the nature of your connections will prudently admit, and do not neglect the perusal of the sacred writings. By these means you will retain the character of a good christian, and you will thereby find yourself strengthened in the love of virtue.

Be punctually honest to every trust reposed in you; for the deficiency of even but a *shilling*, or a shilling's worth, is as fatal to a person's character, as if the deficiency were for the largest sum. A character once tainted is for ever ruined; but this is an admonition, I believe, I have little need to give you.

At all times punctually speak the truth, and do not endeavour to hide a fault by the use of a lie. At your age, allowances must be made for little errors, and such you need not be afraid of confessing, when you happen undesignedly to commit them; but the person who is once detected in a lie, is never more to be believed. As I trust you have high notions of honour, let me ardently entreat you not to forfeit any part of that honour by the use of a falsity, which belongs only to little, mean, and narrow souls. The vice of lying is caught

caught by degrees, like all other vices. A trifling falsity is at first thought nothing of, and then by degrees the mind becomes hardened against a strict adherence to truth, and the uttering of the grossest falsities becomes familiar in the end. My dear girl, cautiously avoid a lie even on the most trifling occasions, if you wish to preserve your honour untainted.

Be affable and civil to every one, however low their stations in life may be, and never look with contempt upon any one, merely because they may not dress so well as yourself. Pride is a contemptible thing, when it leads us to despise others only because they may not have been so fortunate in the world as ourselves. The day will come, when a queen and a beggar will be on a level.

In the commerce of this world you will meet with a variety of tempers, and some of them undoubtedly no ways pleasing to you; but if your fortune or hopes depend upon them, give them their way, and do not contend with your superiors about trifles; since many a good friend has been lost, by servants endeavouring to be wiser than those whom they serve. Wise servants will always endeavour to discover the bent and inclination of those they serve, and when they have discovered them, it will be no difficult matter to give satisfaction. Servants who observe this rule, will frequently be much happier than those they attend, since servants have often only two or three

persons to please, while their superiors may be obliged to study the tempers and dispositions of many above themselves.

Carefully avoid all party contentions among servants; do what you can to make up differences, but never foment them. Do not see those injured whom you serve, without acquainting them therewith; but avoid being the bearer of little idle tittle-tattle tales. Keep your own counsel, and trust no one with your bosom secrets but your brother or myself.

All this advice, however, will be but of little effect, unless you keep yourself strictly *virtuous*. It is from a strict adherence to virtue that all your future hopes can flow; but should you, in an unguarded moment, depart from the rigid rules of virtue, you will then be ruined, lost, and undone for ever, when your relations, friends, and even acquaintances, will forsake and shun you. But God grant that such may never be the case of my dear motherless girl!

A few hints may not be improper to guard you against the snares and temptations, which designing men throw in the way of young and unexperienced girls.

Never accompany any man *singly*, to walk with him in the fields, to ride with him in a coach, or to go to any of the public places of amusement; for I have heard some assassins of female virtue declare, that, if they could but persuade any incautious

tious girl to keep them company from home, they never failed at last of accomplishing their base designs. Girls too easily persuade themselves, that every young fellow who dangles after them, fawns over them, and flatters them, wishes to make *wives* of them; but no mistake can be more fatal to their reputation and character. There are an infinite number of those coxcombs, who endeavour to captivate the hearts of girls, only that they may have an opportunity of boasting in company how many are their conquests.

When a young gentleman of fortune expresses his love to a girl, who has no other fortune than her virtue and accomplishments, great indeed should be her caution \*. She will be too apt to persuade herself, that this is the opportunity for her to settle herself happily; and it is a great chance indeed, if this consideration does not throw her off her guard, and induce her to consider that as love, which may be found to be only a snare for her ruin. It is this fatal mistake, which has filled our public streets with so many hapless prostitutes.

When a young girl sees her pretended lover constantly casting languishing looks at her; when he is continually reminding her of her beauty, but complaining of the severity of her heart; she may then be assured that nothing honourable is intended,

\* Many young women have been ruined by this delusive snare.

and that the sacrifice of her virtue is the only object of his attention, which nothing but her own prudence can prevent.

Real and sincere love is *modest* and *timid*; and every female may lay down this as a certain rule, that no man who really wishes to make a wife of them, will ever attempt to take the least *indecent* liberties with them, nor ask for an improper favour, under promise of marriage at a more convenient time. The moment the man attempts any thing of that kind, the *prudent* girl will instantly fly from him, and ever after shun him as she would a plague, pestilence, or famine.

Were young women properly to consider how important and how difficult the proper choice of a husband is, we should not hear the complaints of so many unhappy couples. But the misfortune is, they marry first, and think it will be time enough to consider afterwards. Hence it is, that so many complain all the rest of their lives, and look back with regret on that day, in which they quitted a genteel service to embark in a state of married *slavery*; for I can call it by no better a name.

The married state, though by some compared to a bed of roses, yet is not always the couch of unmixed delight, since thorns and briars too often twine around it. Let a young woman look among her married female acquaintances, and she will soon see enough to convince her, how dangerous it is for her peace and happiness to become a wife

a wife too early in life. What is the general conversation among most married women, but the cares, pains, and anxieties, which they experience in that state? And what little enjoyment can a woman have, who is perpetually involved in the cares of a family, and the cries of her little children around her?

I mention not these matters with a view to set you against all thoughts of matrimony; I only wish to caution you against entering into that state till you have reached a mature age of strength and prudence; and till some experience in the world shall have ripened your judgment, and given you fortitude and solidity.

There is another and a very important consideration, which ought to be constantly uppermost in your mind before you venture to take a husband. Ask yourself these plain questions: How are we to live after we shall be married? As I have no fortune of my own, will my husband's income support us, equal at least to my present condition; and will he be able to take care of me in sickness, and enable me to bring up our children in a decent manner? If your heart tells you that his circumstances are not likely to do all this, even when assisted by your own endeavours, then be assured that marriage will make you completely miserable; for, however tenderly you may love each other, if want of any kind stares you in the face, there will be no means whatever of retaining happiness in your

L 2 house;

house\* ; and terrible indeed is that situation which affords no hope but in death.

## C A L I S T A ;

OR,

## THE DISINTERESTED ATTACHMENT :

A LESSON FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CALISTA was young and beautiful, blest with an uncommon share of solid sense, enlivened by the most sprightly wit. Lothario exceeded her very little in point of age; he was well made, sober, and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced at Calista's, where his looks, wandering indifferently over a brilliant circle, soon distinguished and fixed upon *her*; but endeavouring to recover himself from the short extasy which his first glance produced, he immediately reproached himself as being guilty of rudeness and disregard to the rest of the company; and this fault he endeavoured to repair, by looking round upon other objects. Vain attempt! they were attracted by an irresistible charm, and again turned toward Calista. A mutual blush was perceivable, whilst a sweet emotion hitherto unfelt played about his heart, and disconcerted all his looks. They both became at the same time more timid and more curious. With pleasure he gazed at Calista, and yet could not do

\* That proverb is too often verified in the *married* state,  
\*\* When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

it without trembling ; whilst she, secretly pleased with this flattering preference, looked at him by stealth. The hour of separation came, and they thought came too soon. Imagination, however, did not suffer a total separation to take place ; for the image of Calista was deeply engraven on the mind of Lothario, and the lineaments of his person were as strongly impressed on that of Calista. It was two days before they saw each other again ; and though during this interval their whole time had been filled up either by business or recreations, they both felt a languid anxiety which rendered every thing insipid ; a void in their minds which we want words to define, and of which they knew not the cause ; but discovered it at the very instant of their meeting : For the perfect contentment, the soothing delight, which they tasted in the presence of each other, would not suffer them to be long ignorant of the cause of their melancholy.

Lothario now collected himself, and assumed the courage to address Calista ; he accosted her with the most polite and obliging expressions, and for the first time enjoyed the happiness of a particular conversation with her. He had hitherto seen only her exterior charms ; he now discovered the beauties of her mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her sentiments, and the delicacy of her wit ; but what still more delighted him, was the pleasing hope that she did not think him unworthy.

of her esteem. From this time his visits became very frequent, in every one of which he discovered some new perfection.

This is the characteristic of real merit ; it is a gainer by being laid open to the inspection of a judicious eye. A man of understanding will soon be disgusted with the wanton, the foolish, and the giddy : But if he has conceived a passion for a woman worthy of himself, time, so far from weakening his attachment, will always be found to increase and strengthen it.

The fixed inclination of Lothario made him sensible that what he felt for Calista was love, and that of the most passionate kind. This he knew; but Calista was still unacquainted with it, or at least had never learnt it from his lips. True love is timorous and diffident—a bold and daring suitor is not the lover of the lady he addresses ; the only object of his love is pleasure. At last he took the resolution to lay open his heart to Calista, but not in the studied language of a romantic passion. “ Lovely Calista,” said he, “ it is not merely esteem that engages me to you ; but the most passionate and tender affection. I feel that I cannot live without you.—Can you, without reluctance, resolve to make me happy ? I have hitherto loved without offending you ; this is a tribute which your merit demands ; but may I flatter myself with the hope, that you will make me some small return ? ” A coquette would have af-

seated to be displeased ; but Calista not only heard her lover without interruption, but answered him without severity, and permitted him to hope. Nor did she put his constancy to a needless trial. The happiness for which he sighed was deferred no longer than was proper to make the necessary preparations. The marriage-settlements were easily adjusted, for in these, sordid interest had no share ; this solemn contract chiefly consisted in a mutual exchange of hearts, and this was already performed. What will be the lot of this newly-wedded pair ? I will venture to foretel that it will be the happiest that mortals can enjoy on earth !—

No pleasure is comparable to that which affects the heart ; nor does any other affect it with such exquisite delight as the pleasure of loving and being beloved. To this tender union of souls we can never apply the words of Democritus, that “ the pleasure of love is only a short epilepsy.” He, without doubt, had that sensual pleasure in view, which fades before so heavenly a flame, quicker than the morning dews before the rising sun. Their love will be constant, because their passion was not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty, but on virtue—they love each other on this account ; their love therefore will last as long as their virtue, and the continuance of that is secured by their union. For nothing can secure our perseverance in the paths of wisdom so effectually, as having incessantly a loving and beloved companion walking with us. Their   
*felicity*

felicity can never be disturbed, unless by those disasters and misfortunes from which their mutual tenderness cannot shelter them. But supposing these should fall to their share, they would then only partake of the common lot of mankind. Those who have never tasted the tender delights of love are equally exposed to these disappointments; and those of such characters as above are great gainers, with respect to those mental pleasures which are of great account in the estimation of the value of life, and that so greatly diminish the sense of their misfortunes. It has the peculiar virtue of rendering the sufferings of two well-paired hearts less acute, and their delights more exquisite.

## THE COTTAGE:

## A FRAGMENT.

SWEET pliability of affections, that takes the barb from the dart of misfortune, and shapes the mind to its allotment! I have been master of a palace, said Horatio, and now my only habitation is this cottage: Troops of liveried slaves then obeyed my nod, and my sheep alone are now obedient to me. The splendid board is exchanged for the fruits that the earth yields to my own labour, and the rarest juice of the vintage is succeeded by the simple beverage of the fountain.

But, am I less happy in this nook, where my ill fortune has placed me, than when I passed my

laughing

laughing youth in the gaudy bowers of prosperity? If I am not soothed by flattery, I am not wounded by ingratitude; if I feel not the conscious pride of superior life, I am not the object of calumniating envy; and I am now too far removed into the shade for scorn to point her finger at me. Fears I have none, and hopes—there is my consolation, there is the source of my joys, and the cure of my sorrows. They no longer rest on vain, idle, fallacious objects; on private friends, or public justice: They have now a more durable foundation—they rest on Heaven.

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#### ON PRUDENCE.

GOOD-humour only teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests and improves the past.  
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,  
Our hearts may bear its slender chains a day,  
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,  
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn.  
This binds in ties more easy and more strong  
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

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MISS CHARLOTTE W—

OR,

THE FOLLY OF PRECIPITATE RESENTMENT;  
A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

MISS Charlotte W— was the daughter of Sir John W—, a gentleman of tolerable fortune, which he considerably increased by a servile

com-

complaisance to the measures of the court. Sir John's family consisted of Miss Charlotte and an elder daughter; and his whole soul was absorbed in providing the necessary means of settling the two young ladies in the world, with dignity and rank; for which purpose he was regardless of what measures he took, provided his wishes were answered; and it was no great wonder if he placed a daughter's happiness in the possession of what only constituted his own.

Miss Charlotte was about a year younger than her sister, and visibly the favourite of her father; which she took the utmost pains to continue, by a behaviour the most unexceptionable and engaging, and by paying an implicit obedience to the least of his commands. The sweetnes of her temper made her the delight of all her acquaintance; and as her person had all that was agreeable, she was not without a number of admirers; she had a face of that kind, which, though not altogether regularly beautiful, was yet considerably more striking than is generally met with; a pair of the finest black eyes languished with the sweetest sensibility; together with a lively wit, an excellent understanding, and a heart fraught with the strongest principles of virtue, regulated by the nicest sentiments of honour and humanity\*.

\* She truly posses dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and elegance without affectation; a character worthy the imitation of the female world in general.

Such

Such was Miss Charlotte W——; and where a crowd of adorers were making an offer of their hearts, it would be a little extraordinary, if she was not inclined to accept of *one*. The happy person distinguished by her regard on this occasion, was a young fellow of good family and fortune, rather superior to her own; who possessed every accomplishment of the mind, that called for the esteem of the men, and every advantage of the person, that excited the admiration of the ladies. He doated on Miss Charlotte with the most passionate degree of fondness, and it would be difficult to affirm, if her sentiments were not equally tender for him. Sir John saw with pleasure his daughter's regard for Mr. Wentworth, and upon that gentleman's application for his consent, he gave it with the utmost satisfaction.

The lovers now thought themselves secure of the approaching happiness, and Miss Charlotte had too much good-nature to be offended at Mr. Wentworth's impatience for the long-expected moment that should put him in possession of the only object of his adoration; but while every thing was getting ready with the utmost expedition, to hasten the wished-for period, an unfortunate accident intervened, for ever to prevent it.

The Earl of C——, some days before the intended wedding, received an invitation to dinner at a house, where Miss Charlotte and her lover were to be of the party.—His lordship, though a young

man,

man, had seen the world; though a nobleman, was very sensible; and though a courtier, very honest\*. He had spirit enough to look upon a right honourable gambler with the greatest contempt, and generosity sufficient to despise pleading the privilege of his title to avoid the payment of his debts; his conversation was very judicious and entertaining, and his person did not want that particular air which so greatly distinguishes the man of family and figure.

His lordship no sooner saw Miss Charlotte than he was struck with her beauty and person; and scarcely heard her speak before he was captivated with her wit and understanding. This indued him to be very particular in addressing the principal part of his conversation to her, which she received with real politeness and an unaffected good humour: And Mr. Wentworth was not a little pleased at his lordship's seeming admiration of an excellence, which he flattered himself was so shortly to be his own.

As his lordship was a stranger to Miss Charlotte, he very naturally inquired who she was as soon as the company broke up; and having received the necessary information, he determined to wait upon her father the next morning, to obtain his permission for paying his addresses to her; a liberty he did not greatly despair of being allowed,

\* Would to God courtiers in general deserved this character!

from the superiority of his own circumstances, and what he had heard of the old gentleman's character.

Accordingly, as soon as he dressed, he drove to Sir John's, who received the unexpected honour of his lordship's visit with the greatest respect; but upon being made acquainted with the intention of it, and his lordship proposing to make a very handsome settlement, he was almost out of his senses. This was the grand point he had been all along vainly labouring after; and now to have a nobleman, with *fifteen thousand pounds* a year, make proposals for his daughter, his favourite daughter! his Charlotte! was a circumstance so much above his hopes, that he could scarce contain his transport: and without ever regarding his engagement with Mr. Wentworth, or considering his daughter's inclination, he invited his lordship to dinner; and promised to give him an opportunity in the evening, of declaring his sentiments to the young lady.

After a little further conversation with his lordship upon this subject, wherein the nobleman expressed the tenderest respect for Miss Charlotte, and the sensibility he entertained of her merit; he politely took his leave of the old gentleman, who instantly repaired to his daughter to prepare her for the reception of his lordship.

Though Sir John was convinced of his daughter's regard for Mr. Wentworth, he did not ima-

gine her so blind to her own happiness as to refuse the honour of his lordship's hand ; or if she was even weak enough to retain any idea of her engagement with that gentleman, he was determined to exercise all his parental authority to drive him from her heart. Mr. Wentworth's alliance, which he was formerly proud of, became already contemptible in his opinion, from the unexpected solicitation of a person so much his superior in fortune as his lordship ; and perhaps it is a weakness to which the human mind is frequently liable, to despise a proposal we should once have been glad of embracing, upon any favourable alteration in our circumstances, which might formerly be above our expectations.

Miss Charlotte was sitting in her own room, reading a little poetical compliment which her Wentworth had sent her in the morning, when Sir John entered : He was too full of the business he came about to keep it very long a secret from the young lady, who heard him out with the utmost astonishment, and only answered with an involuntary torrent of tears. When her surprise had given her a little power to speak, she besought him in the most affecting manner to change so cruel a resolution ; to consider his engagement with Mr. Wentworth ; that the happiness of her life entirely depended on a connection with that gentleman ; and conjured him, by all the tender ties of nature, not to insist upon introducing his lordship

as

as a lover, when his own positive commands had taught her to look upon Mr. Wentworth as her husband.

Sir John, though a stranger to any sentiments of real delicacy, was not however so much unacquainted with the human heart, as not to expect something of this nature from his daughter, and therefore heard her out without the least interruption. He saw the agitation of her soul, but he saw it without any emotion; and when he perceived her a little recovered, he addressed her with a look the most determined, and a voice of the sternest authority: "As I must be naturally supposed the best judge of your happiness, madam; " and to make the business of my life an endeavour " to promote it, I must not only insist on your " entirely forgetting the very name of Wentworth, " but also on your receiving his lordship with the " greatest politeness and respect. Your duty and " affection to me, I shall determine by your obedience on this occasion, and study to reward. But, " madam, let me inform you, that to act in contradiction to my will shall excite my utmost resentment, and oblige me to cast you off from my " family and protection for ever. You now know " my unalterable resolution, and I leave you to consider of it." So saying he darted, frowning, out of the room, and left poor Charlotte plunged in the most exquisite distress a soul so delicate as hers was capable of feeling.

M 2

Sir

Sir John had scarce been gone a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Wentworth called upon his Charlotte, and as the family knew nothing of the alteration in the old gentleman's sentiments, he was immediately sent up with the usual familiarity; he knocked at Miss Charlotte's chamber-door, who opened it all bathed in tears, and presented the loveliest picture of the deepest affliction imagination can possibly form.

Alarmed at the condition he saw her in, Mr. Wentworth tenderly inquired into the cause, which she was scarcely able to relate, or he to listen to. In the first transport of his fury he denounced vengeance against his lordship, and was rushing out with impatience to seek him, which Miss Charlotte was scarcely able to prevent by catching him in her arms, and expostulating about the impropriety of such a behaviour: She said, his lordship might be ignorant of his engagement, and consequently could not be to blame; that her advice was, to wait a little time, of which she assured him he need not be in the least apprehensive; as she was determined never to give her hand to any body but himself.

Mr. Wentworth heard this assurance with a little satisfaction; but there was an impatience in his temper frequently attending the greatest souls, and the best of understandings: His pride would by no means bear that his lordship should be allowed the *imagination* of a triumph over him; and it

it was worse than daggers to think that Charlotte should be exposed to the addresses of any other person, after he had considered her as his wife. He therefore proposed an immediate elopement from her father's, since he no longer retained the tenderness of a parent; and expressed himself totally indifferent with regard to fortune, which had ever been the smallest object of his consideration.

This was a step, which though Miss Charlotte's heart would have strongly persuaded her to take, her discretion would by no means allow her to think of. Not that she entertained the least doubt of Mr. Wentworth's sincerity or honour; but she had the utmost veneration for her father, and was naturally fearful of the censure of the world, which generally attended so rash a proceeding. For these reasons she absolutely refused to comply with her lover's proposal; and declared her determined resolution of waiting for the event\*.

This declaration of Charlotte's had a strange effect upon the mind of Mr. Wentworth. He entertained but a poor opinion of any woman's passion, who was not willing to risque every consideration for the man she really loved; and had no

\* Few young ladies in the present day, in similar circumstances, it is to be feared, would have withstood the proposal of an elopement with the objects of their love; however uncertain and precarious the views of domestic happiness might prove. Such is the female wish to be unrestrained by parental authority, and to act without control.

notion of a ridiculous obedience to a parent, who would force a child to be miserable. His pride was mortified to meet with a refusal to what he considered a very rational request; and he expressed himself rather a little too sharply on that subject to Miss Charlotte.

Miss Charlotte, though she had all her sex's tenderness, was not entirely destitute of its resentment; and could not bear to be reproached with the want of a proper esteem for a man she loved to distraction. She was nettled at his remark, and provoked him by her answer; which produced a reply of the utmost severity; upon which Miss Charlotte, bursting into tears, declared that, since he had no opinion of her affection, he deserved but little proofs of her fidelity; and that if she could be prevailed upon to follow her father's advice, he must entirely lay the blame upon his own behaviour.

Mr. Wentworth now recollects he had gone something too far, but could not possibly think of being the first to make a concession; and Miss Charlotte, though her soul languished for a reconciliation, was determined that he should: In short, with an affectation of anger on both sides, neither would stoop to be happy; and from not condescending to be pleased, were both resolved to be miserable. He took a forced leave, in which he wished her all happiness with his lordship; and she, though her heart burst at the expression, endeav-

endeavoured to summon an equal indifference to thank him.

Matters were in this situation when his lordship arrived at Sir John's, and was introduced in the customary form to Miss Charlotte; her resentment against Mr. Wentworth gave an additional colour to her cheeks, that was an increase of her beauty; and possibly the respect with which she treated his lordship entirely proceeded from her anger to that gentleman. She fancied how much Mr. Wentworth must be mortified at her listening to the addresses of another; and began to think, in the tumult of her passions, an obedience to her father was an indispensable part of her duty; to be revenged of the man who had treated her tenderness with so great a share of insolence, afforded her no little satisfaction; and any resolution against him she looked upon as the effect of her reason, and not the consequence of her pride.

Thus full of a momentary indignation against Mr. Wentworth, Miss Charlotte received his lordship in a manner he had but little reason to expect, from the knowledge of her prior attachment; and transported at the unexpected behaviour of his daughter, Sir John, whose notion of things, as we have already remarked, was not uncommonly delicate, took an opportunity of mentioning a particular day in the ensuing week for giving her hand to his lordship, notwithstanding the shortness of their acquaintance; to which, whatever Miss Charlotte

lotte might possibly feel in her heart, her anger to Mr. Wentworth, and her duty to her father, would by no means allow her to object.

All this time Mr. Wentworth passed in a manner very little to be envied. He expected every moment to receive some message from his Charlotte, and would gladly have been reconciled without any overtures of a submission on her side, could he prevail upon himself to make any on his own. The longer he delayed, the more his pride was mortified to think of speaking first; and possibly from an opinion that a woman who has once loved a man can never take any resolution against him, he declined it; he curst his own obstinacy a thousand times, yet continued inflexible; and like the generality of mankind, from wishing to be right, he fancied that he was so. In hopes to pique Miss Charlotte, and oblige her to begin a reconciliation, he affected to pay his addresses to a lady of her own acquaintance; but unhappily, instead of awaking her tenderness, it only inflamed her resentment; and notwithstanding the softness of her soul, and the extravagance of her passion, she sacrificed herself, to be revenged of Mr. Wentworth; and her anger induced her to give that hand to his lordship, which no other consideration could possibly effect. The day at length arrived which tore her from the arms of the only man she ever loved, and gave her into the hands of a person she never could regard.

Miss

Miss Charlotte was dressed in a white satin and silver, and appeared to the greatest advantage; but there was a certain air of sadness visible in her countenance, which spoke a heart very far from easy. She could not help seeing the preparation of the ceremony with the utmost terror and regret; but she was now too far gone to think of receding; and the fatal words *I will*, were solemnly pronounced to his lordship, which she would have given her soul to have said to Mr. Wentworth\*.

The wedding day was passed as the generality of wedding days usually are, only that the gravity of the bride was by no means affected; an involuntary sigh now and then escaped her, and an unconscious tear would steal down her cheek at the remembrance of Mr. Wentworth. His lordship, who guessed at the situation of her heart, and knew the necessity of allowing a little time to eradicate a former prepossession, politely took no notice of her behaviour; but made use of all the tenderness he was master of to mitigate her anxiety, and to divert her attention from the painful subject of her thoughts, till the proper time of retiring had involved her ladyship in a new scene of confusion and distress.

\* Parents have no right, either by the laws of God or man, to force their children to marry against their own inclinations; but they may and ought to advise, admonish, and endeavour to persuade them, at all times, to act agreeably to the dictates of piety, virtue, and discretion.

The

The news of their marriage soon reached the ears of Mr. Wentworth, and almost drove him to distraction; he now too late saw the effects of his own rashness, and lamented the ridiculous nicety of his behaviour; by his own heart he justly imagined the situation of her ladyship's, and the thought of having lost a woman whom he passionately loved, by the appearance of a false delicacy and an affected pride, was a reflection he was scarcely able to support; every thing became hateful to his sight; and since his Charlotte was lost for ever, he was determined not to stay a moment longer in a place where she was constantly called to his remembrance.

Accordingly he gave immediate directions for setting out for Holland, with an intent of joining the army, and sacrificing that life in the service of his country, which he could no longer enjoy with the smallest satisfaction. And though he languished to have a moment's conversation with his Charlotte before his departure; yet from a conviction of the impropriety of requesting it, and the shame of seeing her again, he summoned resolution enough to quit London without the least endeavour to effect it; and set out on horseback for Harwich, attended by a trusty valet-de-chambre and a couple of footmen.

Mr. Wentworth had almost reached Harwich, and was buried in a profound reverie, when his horse, of whom he took but little care, suddenly starting

ftarting at something, gave him a violent fall which fractured his skull ; and though his servants conveyed him immediately to the nearest inn, and called in all possible assistance, the acuteness of the pain, and the agony of his mind, threw him into a fever, which gave the physician not even a glimmering hope of his recovery. Mr. Wentworth retained his sences, and appeared the only person unconcerned at the accident ; and overhearing what was said of the danger he was in, seemed pleased at the prospect of a speedy dissolution ; when the bursting of a lady into the room, who exclaimed in a tone of wildness, “ *Where is he?* ” awhile called off the attention of the company. Mr. Wentworth just raising his head to see so unexpected a visitant, pronounced, “ *Good God! my Charlotte!* ” and fell into a fit, from which he was with great difficulty recovered. —

To account for the unexpected appearance of lady C — in this place, we must inform the reader, that his lordship, observing her melancholy rather increase by the crowd of visitors which they were daily obliged to see, proposed an excursion to his country-seat for a few weeks ; and without knowing any thing of Mr. Wentworth, accidentally stopt at this inn in his way down ; where one of that gentleman’s servants saw her ladyship alight, and incautiously running up to her, cried out, “ *O madam, my master is dying above stairs!* ” This was enough for lady C — to forget all traces of a resent-

resentment she began in reality to disapprove; and without ever recollecting she was the wife of lord C—, or that his lordship himself was a witness to her behaviour, she instantly desired the servant to shew her up to his master. Lord C— knew too much of the human heart to be surprised at her ladyship's conduct on this occasion; and whatever he might think, he was too generous to oppose it: He therefore took hold of her hand, and led her up himself to the chamber, where the perturbation of her heart occasioned the violence of her exclamation. —

When Mr. Wentworth was a little recovered, he desired that every person should withdraw but lord and lady C—, whom he intreated to sit near the bed-side: Her ladyship was now in the most distrest situation we can possibly imagine: Her heart almost burst to declare her concern for Mr. Wentworth; but her duty forbad the smallest token of her love: She was sensible how much reason his lordship had not to be pleased with any mark of her tenderness for that gentleman, and could not think of her behaviour without the greatest confusion; when his lordship generously took pity on her distress, and made it his particular request, that she would omit no means of restoring the tranquillity of Mr. Wentworth.

This goodness of his lordship only increased her embarrassment; and she would have been absolutely at a loss how to behave, if Mr. Wentworth

had not begged to be heard a few moments, and engaged her whole attention. That gentleman addressing himself to lord C—, expressed his gratitude for his lordship's good-nature in terms the most polite; just touched upon his own engagement with lady C—, but particularly dwelt on her merit, the excess of his passion, and the madness of his behaviour—a subject he hoped his lordship would kindly forgive a dying wretch to mention, before he was eternally torn from the sight of the only object he had ever loved; and concluded, endeavouring to turn himself to lady C—, "I am happy, madam, in my *last* moments "to have had this opportunity of opening my "whole heart; a blessing I never flattered myself "with the hope of enjoying when I set out upon "this expedition; but as I could not bear to die, "and imagine you entertained any doubt of my "affection; a paper in that chest, which I have or- "dered my servant to deliver into your own hand "after my decease; will not only serve to convince "you of my sincerity, but to constitute you mis- "tres of my whole fortune. Do not, I conjure you, "if ever the name of Wentworth was dear to your "esteem, deny the performing what I make my *last* "request: The superintendance of my funeral I "earnestly beg you will undertake; and if the "spirits in the other world can form any idea "of what passes in this, your not hating my me-

“ mory will give me the highest satisfaction.—A  
“ few hours will separate us for ever.—

“ O Charlotte! my disease is far beyond the  
“ power of medicine! If the humanity of his  
“ lordship will allow me the happiness of touching  
“ your dear hand before I expire, my dying  
“ prayer shall blefs him.”—

A scene like this was too affecting; his lordship  
was melted into tears, and lady C—— transfix'd  
in an agony of grief unutterable. My lord took  
her hand himself, and put it into Mr. Wentworth's,  
who kiss'd it with a transport inexpressible, and  
holding it still in his, continued,—“ O God of  
“ compassion, from the throne of thy mercy look  
“ down, and take this weeping fair-one under thy  
“ divine protection; let her days be prosperous  
“ and many, and crown her life with happiness and  
“ joy; let her be a blessing to her lord, and a com-  
“ fort to all her friends; and after an uninterrupted  
“ possession of all the pleasures of this world, O  
“ take her to everlasting transport in the next!”—  
This pronounced, he kiss'd lady C——'s hand  
again, and with a deep sigh expired.—

It would be impossible to paint the distraction  
of lady C——, or the goodness of his lordship.  
Far from being offended at the excess of her  
concern, he only endeavoured to sooth her affliction;  
and could scarcely help looking upon himself as the cause of her unhappiness. He had  
the

the body of Mr. Wentworth conveyed to the burial-place of that gentleman's family, and attended himself as chief mourner; her ladyship's grief having occasioned an indisposition that rendered her coming abroad totally impossible. His lordship also ordered several handsome legacies to be distributed among his servants; and settled an annuity upon the person who had the custody of Mr. Wentworth's papers. Yet notwithstanding every measure is taken for restoring the peace of lady C—, a constant melancholy preys upon her spirits; and though she entertains the highest esteem for his lordship, he has the mortification of seeing her heart intirely possessed with the remembrance of another; while her affliction is sensibly increased, from the want of ability to return the kindness of so deserving a husband, in a manner she could wish.

We have here a melancholy proof how frequently merit or fortune are incapable of procuring satisfaction or content; when the very means of attaining the possession are unhappily found to destroy it.

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#### ON FEMALE AMUSEMENTS,

IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD.

I SHALL not attempt to prescribe rules for the ladies, in what manner they are to amuse themselves; since no general theory can be laid down, that will not be liable to many exceptions. Not

only situations and circumstances may make many exceptions to general rules; but *custom, inclination, and habit*, will each put in their claim to indulgence. I cannot however help observing, that I think the amusements of the fair-sex should not break in upon those of the men \*. To the men *hunting and shooting* seem peculiarly adapted; but I think they ill become the delicacy of the opposite sex. Men hunt the timorous hare with unrelenting ardour, over verdant fields and enamelled meadows; nor are they less eager and cruel in the pursuit of timid females on the plains of Love. Men, with unfeeling remorse, deprive the feathered inhabitants of the grove of their mates, and, by the assistance of their guns, spread terror and *confernation* in the groves and woodlands, without paying the least regard to the melody of their voices. But women, whose every attribute should be delicacy, pity, and tenderness; should leave these savage sports to *men*, who are too often accustomed to stifle those nice feelings which are the ornaments of the ladies.

Let us go back to the remotest ages of antiquity, and see how the ladies amused themselves in those days. Among the Israelites, the amusements of the women were but few and simple; the most common of which seem to have been regaling themselves in the open air, as the scriptures record it;

\* For either sex to imitate the dress and manners, or follow the diversions peculiar to the other, is no proof of *wisdom*, but of *weakness and folly*.

“ Every

“ Every one under their own vine, and under their “ own fig-tree.” This custom was as ancient as Abraham, and is at this day the principal amusement in the eastern parts of the world; where the heat of the climate naturally invites more to the shade, than to the active amusements pursued in more cold and northern regions.

The public amusements and diversions of the Egyptian ladies are said to have consisted only in a kind of religious festival, which they celebrated with singing, dancing, feasting, and magnificent processions; in these the women acted a distinguished part, and being adorned with garlands of flowers, they carried on their heads symbols of the festival they were celebrating. Even in the remote periods I am now speaking of, I find that the ladies of fortune kept their birth-days with feasting and merriment. The birth-day of a queen or a daughter of Egypt was kept with great splendour and magnificence; and the ladies paid their addresses on these occasions, in the same manner as is now done in Europe. History does not mention what were the private amusements of the Egyptian ladies, but it is not to be supposed that they were without something of that kind.

In countries where trade and commerce flourished, as among the Phœnicians, the women were employed in writing and keeping accounts. In warlike countries, women imbibed the principles of their husbands, and shewed their dexterity and

courage by joining in the chase. The arts of weaving and embroidery, however, seem to have been the private amusement of the ladies in the early periods we are speaking of, which they appear to have carried to very great perfection.

Nothing is more natural to women, who have made some advances above slavery, than to endeavour to attract the attention of men by a display of their native charms, improved to the best advantage by the ornaments of dress; and to obtain this, they employ all their time in spinning, weaving, embroidery, and such like occupations. But it is only in states where refinement has been carried to excess, that women consider the ornamenting and decorating their persons, as the *only* employments for which they were sent into this world.

The inhabitants of Constantinople, as well as many other people in that quarter of the world, who are not fond of *active* amusements, in the evening make choice of a green spot, under some embowering shade, on which they spread a carpet; upon this both men and women sit cross-legged, and amuse themselves with drinking coffee and sherbet; while their female slaves divert them with music, singing, or dancing, according to the directions given them; the most distinguished lady in the company often leading the dance, as Diana is said to have done with her nymphs on the banks of the Eurotas. It is not common, however, with the Asiatic ladies to lead off a dance; and it is frequently

only

only in compliance with the request of some persons much greater than themselves. When this superior retires, they shew the same authority over their slaves, who, in their turns, dance to please their superiors. Dancing, however, was early practised in the East, and still prevails among most nations as well rude as cultivated, with this difference only, the rude, dance to shew their strength and agility; the cultivated, for the sake of exercise, and to shew their persons and motions to the best advantage.

Many of the religious ceremonies in Pagan countries consist of dances performed by girls, who are kept for that purpose, and generally consist of the most beautiful that can be selected. Strolling female dancers, who live by that profession, are to be met with in many parts of the world. That such women as have been deserted by fortune should make dancing a profession, and wander from place to place for a maintenance, has nothing in it wonderful; but that women of a different description, who are in every respect above want, should commence strolling dancers by choice, is not a little surprising. An instance of this kind, however, was seen by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, in the island of Ulietea, who have given the following account thereof:

“ In the course of our walk, we met with a company of strolling dancers, who detained us two hours, and dancing all that time afforded us great entertainment. The company consisted of two women

" women dancers and six men, with three drums.  
 " They were some of the most considerable people of  
 " the island, and though they were continually going  
 " from place to place, they did not, like the strolling  
 " companies of Otaheite, take any gratuity from the  
 " spectators. The women had upon their heads a  
 " considerable quantity of plaited hair, which was  
 " brought several times round their heads, and adorned  
 " in many parts with the flowers of the Cape  
 " jessamine, which were stuck in with some taste, and  
 " made a head-dress truly elegant; the rest of their  
 " dress was well adapted to the occasion. In this  
 " dress they advanced sideways, and in a measured  
 " step, keeping excellent time to the drums, which  
 " beat briskly and loud. Soon after they began to  
 " shake their hips, giving the folds of cloth that lay  
 " upon them a quick motion; the body was thrown  
 " into various postures, sometimes standing, some-  
 " times sitting, and sometimes resting on their knees  
 " and elbows, the fingers being also moved at the  
 " same time, with a quickness scarcely to be imagin-  
 " ed. Much of the dexterity of the dancers, how-  
 " ever, and the entertainment of the spectators, con-  
 " sisted in the wantonness of their attitudes and  
 " gestures, which must not be here described."

Besides dancing, which in Europe is considered  
 as a polite amusement; in the East they have the  
 diversion of bathing, which is so closely interwoven  
 with their religion, as well as with their pastimes,  
 that it is difficult to say to which of them it be-

longs. In warm countries, where cleanliness is so absolutely necessary to the health and sweetness of the body, as almost to deserve a place among the moral virtues, there is hardly a religious system into which frequent bathing has not been introduced, as an indispensable ceremony due to the worship of the Gods.

In the East, however, are other causes, which perhaps more forcibly prompt to the use of the bath than religion itself. The first is inclination, which must powerfully operate in climates scorched by a vertical sun. To give us some idea of the power of this inclination in such climates, we need only reflect on what we sometimes feel in the scorching summer months on entering into a cool shade, or viewing a pool of water. The second cause is no less powerful, the love of liberty, for every bathing-place set apart for the use of the women, is a kind of public rendezvous, where the sex in general meet to talk over the news, the scandal, and the fashions of the day; it is a sacred asylum, where no man dare enter, and where women are consequently free from the tyranny of their husbands and guardians. Besides, in going to and from it, they sometimes manage so as to be seen by their lovers, or make assignations with their gallants. From all these considerations, we are not to wonder that bathing is so much practised in the East, and especially by the fair-sex, who have hardly any

any other liberty than what they enjoy by the means of these baths.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague gives the following account of a public bagnio at Adrianople, and of the behaviour of the Turkish ladies there : “ I went (says that lady) to the bagnio about ten o'clock, and it was already full of women. I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them, yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know of no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe there were two hundred women, and yet I saw none of those disdainful smiles and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies when any one appears who is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated to me over and over, “ Charming! very charming!” The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies ; and on the second their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed; yet there was not the least wanton smile, or immodest gesture among them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace, with which Milton describes our general mother. There were many among them as exactly proportioned

as ever any goddes was drawn by the pencil of a Guido or a Titian; and most of their skins were shinily white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figure of the graces.

“ I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, that if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed. I perceived that the ladies of the most delicate skins, and finest shapes, had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were somewhat less beautiful than those of their companions. They generally take this diversion once a week, and stay there at least four or five hours without getting cold, by immediately coming out of the warm bath into the cool room. I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been glad to pass more time with them, but I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian’s church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.”

Besides the amusements I have already mentioned, the ladies, even in England, frequently join in the chase; but they have not as yet, at least as far as I know, levelled a fowling-piece at any of the feathered tribe. Shooting, however, is a favourite amusement with the German ladies, as will appear from the following account given by a modern traveller:

“ We

“ We set out from Vienna for the villa of Prince Lichtensteen, who had promised the company the amusement of hunting. We accordingly set out in three coaches, accompanied by a great retinue on horseback. As the day was far advanced when we arrived, I imagined the hunting would immediately begin; but in this country every thing is done with method and good order, and it was judged proper to dine in the first place. This in due time being concluded, I thought the men would have proceeded directly to the scene of action, leaving the ladies till their return; but here I found myself again mistaken, as the ladies were to assist in the whole of this expedition. As there was a necessity to traverse a large wood, into which coaches could not enter, vehicles of a more commodious construction were provided; these carriages are of the form of benches, with stuffed seats, upon which six or eight people may place themselves one behind another; they are drawn by four horses, and slide over the ground like a sledge, passing along paths and trackless ways, over which no wheel carriage could be drawn. After being conveyed in this manner across the wood, and a considerable way beyond it, we came to a very large open field, in which there were several little circular enclosures of trees and underwood, at wide intervals from each other.

“ This hunting had hitherto been attended with very little fatigue; for we had been carried the whole way in coaches, or on the sledges, which

are

are still easier than any coach. In short, we had been perfectly passive since breakfast, except during the time of dinner; but when we arrived at this large plain, I was informed, that the hunting would commence in a short time. I then expected we should have some violent exercise after so much inactivity, and I began to fear that the ladies might be over-fatigued; when, lo! the prince's servants began to arrange some portable chairs at a small distance from one of the thickets above mentioned. The princess, countess, and the rest of the company, took their places; and, when every body was seated, they assured me that the hunting was just going to begin.

" My curiosity was now excited in a very uncommon degree, and I was full of impatience to see a hunting, which had been conducted in a style so different from any idea I had of that diversion. While I sat lost in conjecture, I perceived, at a great distance, a long line of people moving towards the wood, near which the company was seated. As they walked along, they gradually formed the segment of a circle, whose center was this wood. I understood, that these were peasants, with their wives and children, who, walking forward in this manner, rouse the game, which naturally take shelter in the thicket of trees and bushes. As soon as this happened, the peasants rushed in at the side opposite to that where our company had taken post, beat out the game, and then the massacre commenced.

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The

The company was each provided with a fusil, and many more were at hand loaded for immediate use. The servants were employed in charging as fast as the pieces were fired off; so that an uninterrupted shooting was kept up as long as the game continued flying or running out of the wood. The prince hardly ever missed, and killed above thirty partridges, a few pheasants, and three hares.

“ I was a good deal surprised, at the beginning of this scene, to see a servant hand a fusil to the princess, who with great coolness, and without rising from her seat, took aim at a partridge, which immediately fell to the ground. With the same ease she killed ten or twelve partridges and pheasants, in about double the number of shots. The execution done by the rest of the company was by no means inconsiderable. Though I had no theard of it before, I now understood, that shooting is not an uncommon amusement with the German ladies; and it is probable, that the attention of the gentlemen to the delicacy of the fair sex, has induced the hardy Germans to make this diversion as little fatiguing as possible.

“ To conclude: Whatever may have been, or still are, the amusements of the ladies of other countries, it seems to be universally agreed, that the management of domestic concerns, and the use of the needle in its various purposes, are the peculiar provinces of the English ladies; and music, drawing,

ing, dancing, and riding, their rational and most suitable amusements."

## DESULTORY REMARKS

ON

## FEMALE CHASTITY.

CHASTITY is undoubtedly the sister of Delicacy, or at least so nearly related, as not to be separated without endangering the destruction of both. The people of almost every nation, whether civilized or savage, have treated inconstancy in married women with great severity; subjecting them not only to several kinds of public shame and indignity, but even to a variety of corporal, and often to *capital* punishments. Severity, however, or any other punishment that could be devised, has been found ineffectual in the prevention of incontinence, especially among people of soft and voluptuous manners, under the influence of a warm sun, and professing a religion which lays no restraint on the passions.

In the eastern parts of the world, where these causes most powerfully operate, the men have constantly endeavoured, from the remotest periods we know of, to secure the chastity of their women by eunuchs and confinement. While the empires and kingdoms of the East have been the most unsettled,

and subject to the most frequent and sudden revolutions, their manners and customs, like the rocks and mountains of the country, have remained permanent and unchangeable, and even now exhibit nearly the same appearances they did in the patriarchal ages; nor have these customs remained in any thing more fixed and unalterable, than in the practice of setting eunuchs to guard their women. Every eastern potentate, and even every private person who can support the expence, employs a number of those wretches to superintend his seraglio, and guard the chastity of his women, not only from every rude intruder, but also from the effects of female association and intrigue.

This, however, ought not to create any surprise, when we consider, that no pains are taken to instil virtuous principles into the minds of their women, in order to enable them to defend themselves; that the men are accustomed by fashion, and prompted by restraint, to attack them as often as they have opportunity; and that the women may therefore be considered, in regard to the men, in the same situation as the defenceless animals of the fields are to the beasts of prey that prowl round them. So that, in some degree, the neutral beings of eunuchs may be necessary to secure the sex from insult.

It is not, perhaps, easy to point out the period, when men first took it in their heads to confine women, in order to secure them to themselves, in like manner as they surround their fields and habitations

bitations with ditches and fences. Jealousy undoubtedly was the first cause of it, and it is probable that the infidelity of some women might justify such treatment; but to treat all women indiscriminately alike, is surely both cruel and unjust. Montesquieu is too severe on the women when he says, "That such is the force of climate in "subliming the passions to any ungovernable "height, in countries where women are confined, "that were they allowed their liberty, the attack "upon them would always be certain, and the re- "sistance nothing." I believe, on the contrary, that confinement is a more powerful actor on the passions, than the softest climate.

There is something cruel and absurd in the conduct of the Asiatics to their wives, whom they exclude from the company of other men, with a view, one would presume, to have the more of their company to themselves; yet there are few people on earth who pass so little time among those they pretend to love. There is something inconsistent in the doctrine of Mahomet, one of whose principal promises is, that every good Mussulman shall hereafter pass his time in the company of beautiful women, while in this world they seldom seek that enjoyment.

The grand vizier, or emperor of the Turks, as well as the monarchs of Persia, Asia, and Africa, take from their subjects, by force, such women as they find handsome, without paying any respect to

their rank or condition. The grand signior has a tribute of young girls annually paid to him by the Greeks, and some other tributary provinces. These are placed in apartments of the palace, which are separated from all intercourse with the rest, and are called the Seraglio, where they are guarded in the strictest manner by eunuchs. Besides the seraglio of the sultan, private persons have apartments in their houses, where they confine their women, and these they call Harams.

Lady Wortley Montague, who, during her residence in Turkey, got admittance into the harams, gives a very particular account of them. She says, that the apartments of the ladies, where the husband can afford it, are always elegantly furnished after their manner, and they want nothing to make life comfortable but society. They have numbers of beautiful slaves to attend them, who divert them with vocal and instrumental music, dancing, and other amusements. Women are not so closely confined in their harams as in the seraglio. They are sometimes suffered to go out; but then they must always be veiled, and covered from head to foot with a long robe, called a ferigee, without which no woman of rank is allowed to appear in the streets. These robes are made so exactly alike, that it is totally impossible to distinguish one woman from another. The most jealous husband cannot know even his own wife, and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the street. So that

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the confinement of the women at Constantinople is not so rigid as some travellers would insinuate.

In countries where there is no public virtue to confide in, besides the methods of eunuchs and confinement, several others have been, and still are practised in different countries, to preserve female chastity. Among these, Mr. More relates a singular method used for this purpose in the interior parts of Africa. It is a figure to which they give the name of Mumbo Jumbo, and is in the shape of of a man, dressed in a long coat, made of the bark of a tree, and on its head a large tuft of straw. Into this figure, which is about nine feet high, a man is introduced, who makes it walk along, speak what he pleases, or make such a horrid and frightful noise, as he thinks will better answer his purpose. This figure is carefully kept concealed by the men, and never comes abroad but in the night, when they want to settle some dispute with, or frighten the women into chastity and obedience. They persuade the women, that it knows every thing; they refer every thing to its decision, and it always decides in favour of the men. This, however, is not all; for it has the power of inflicting punishments on female delinquents, which it frequently does by ordering them to be whipped. They are taught to believe, that it is particularly offended with them when they violate their chastity—a crime he will certainly discover, and as certainly punish. As soon as the women

hear

hear the Mumbo Jumbo coming, they generally run away and hide themselves ; but they are obliged by their husbands to return, though in fear and trembling, to its presence, and to do or suffer whatever it pleases to order them. The women of this part of Africa must be very destitute of understanding to be deceived by so bare-faced a trick, and cannot but be laughed at by every European lady.

In the Edda, or sacred records of the ancient Scandinavians, future punishments of the most tremendous nature are held over the head of the delinquent. “ There is a place (says that book) “ remote from the sun, the gates of which face the “ north ; poison rains through a thousand open-“ ings. This place is composed of the carcasses of “ serpents. There run certain torrents, in which “ are plunged the bodies of the perjured, assassins, “ and those who seduce married women. A black “ winged dragon flies incessantly round, and de-“ vours the bodies of the wretched who are there “ imprisoned.”

I cannot help here observing, that whatever art or violence men may make use of to preserve chastity in women, yet it will have no effect on a woman of a vicious principle ; and, even if they could have that effect, such a woman is hardly worth so much trouble. I am fully persuaded, that the only means of keeping the sensible and virtuous part of the fair sex chaste, is to treat them with

with humanity, kindness, and tenderness; and endeavour to convince them, that you place in them an implicit and unsuspecting confidence.

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A N E C D O T E  
OF THE  
WIFE OF POLYXENUS.

POLYXENUS, who had married the sister of Denis the tyrant, named Thesta, having joined the Syracusans in a conspiracy against the tyrant, fled into Italy, to avoid falling into the hands of Denis. The tyrant ordered his sister to be brought before him, when he loaded her with menaces, for having known of the flight of her husband, and not making him acquainted with it. She replied, without the least appearance of fear or timidity, “ Do I “ then appear to you to be so loose a woman, and “ of so degenerate a heart, that, had I known of “ my husband’s flight, I would not have been one “ of the first in his company, and ready to share “ with him his dangers and misfortunes? Certain “ I am, that I should always, and in all places, “ have been more happy to be called the wife of “ Polyxenus, than the sister of Denis the tyrant.”

Denis could not help applauding so generous and courageous an answer; and all the Syracusans were so charmed with the virtues of this lady, that, after the tyranny was subdued, they continued to her, during her life, the same honours, equipage, and train, which belonged to a queen; and, at her decease,

decease, all the people accompanied her corpse to the tomb, and honoured her funeral by an uncommon procession.

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## TWO ILLUSTRIOS FEMALE CHARACTERS.

PYTHUS, king of the Lydians, to an avaricious, selfish, and Fordid principle, added an inhuman severity towards his subjects, whom he constantly employed in the most laborious and useless occupation, that of obliging them to work in the gold and silver mines, with which his dominions abounded. His subjects one day took the advantage of his absence, and fell on their knees to his queen, beseeching her to use her interest to release them in some measure from their present horrid state of slavery. She sent them away satisfied with her assurances to do every thing for them that lay in her power. Being anxious to perform her promise, she thought of a very extraordinary expedient to make her husband sensible of the injustice of his ridiculous and ruinous conduct. On his return, she ordered a repast to be served up, magnificent indeed in appearance, but which was no repast at all, since it consisted only of gold and silver in the form of various kinds of eatables. "See," said the queen, "the only productions you suffer your subjects to prepare for you." The prince, who then happened to be hungry, finding nothing among

among all those pretended delicacies, of which he could make a meal, became sensible of his error, and acknowledged that gold and silver were nothing more than mere ornaments; and that to neglect the cultivation of his lands as he had done, by employing his subjects in his mines, was distressing his people, and ruining his country. He therefore assumed a different conduct, by giving proper encouragement to agriculture and the arts of husbandry. Thus the wisdom of a woman saved a nation from ruin, and rescued thousands of useful subjects from the most abject slavery; for which she lived revered, and died universally lamented.

The other illustrious lady was the wife of the immortal Grotius. This great man, being condemned to perpetual imprisonment, was shut up in the castle of Louvestein. After he had suffered the most rigorous treatment for more than a year and a half, his wife observed that the guards did not visit him so frequently as usual, and were less careful in examining the box in which the foul linen was sent out to be washed: Having advised her husband to get into the box, she bored holes opposite the place where his head lay, in order to supply him with fresh air to breathe. The stratagem succeeded, and in this manner he was carried to Gorcum, where he was received at the house of a friend, and from thence went to Anvers in the disguise of a journeyman-carpenter. The wife, in order to give her husband time to escape, and put

at out of the power of his enemies to pursue him, pretended that he was very ill; but, as soon as she thought him to be safely out of their reach, she then bantered the guards for the little care they had taken of their prisoner, and told them that the bird was fled, and that nothing but the nest remained. They then proceeded criminally against her, and the judges condemned her to remain in prison for life instead of her husband; but afterwards, by a plurality of voices, she was set at liberty, and extolled by every one for having procured liberty for her husband in so ingenious a manner.

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#### RELECTIONS ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

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The beauties of the face despise,  
And *mental* beauties only prize.

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IT is observed by a very great writer, that persons who are deformed, commonly take pains to cultivate their minds, in order to recommend themselves to the world by the shining qualities of the understanding; and to take off the bad impressions we may receive from the uncouthness of their figure. It may also be observed too truly, that women of remarkable beauty are often so fully satisfied with their outward excellencies, that they totally neglect the improvement of their minds.

They

They are apt to consider beauty as the *only* qualification requisite in their sex ; and since they are endowed with it in such an eminent degree, they look down with disdain on females, less happy in the charms of their persons.

Beauty has undoubtedly great influence over the hearts of men, but wherever it is over-run with affection and conceit, our admiration will soon be turned into disgust ; while women of features but tolerably agreeable, set off with good sense and good humour, will captivate the hearts of wortlier men, and more effectually secure their constancy.

Miss B—— was a lady endowed with most exquisite beauty, and her person was perfectly handsome ; yet the misfortune of it was, that she was too sensible of her external charms \*. She would walk for hours together in the Mall, or in the Green-Park, and pride herself no little in the contemptible train of coxcombs who dangled by her side ; all their compliments, civilities, and encomiums she looked upon as matters of fact, though every one else knew they were only words of course. If she smiled at one, winked at another, or nodded her head at a third, she fondly believed she was conferring a lasting obligation ; and assumed such an air of superiority over all the rest

\* However beautiful a lady may be, both prudence and policy should teach her not to *appear* to know it.

of her sex, that one would be induced to believe, she expected mankind in general to fall down and worship her.

Such behaviour caused her to be utterly despised by all men of good sense and sound understanding; and she had the mortification at last to find, that all the empty puppies who had once professed such esteem for her, and had offered up so many sacrifices of adulation to her beauty, deserted and despised her; and she became a contemptible dupe to those very charms, which had led her to dupe so many. She found, too late, that most men are of the opinion of Juba, in the tragedy of Cato, where the author makes him say,

"Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin, that I admire;  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

It is very obvious, however, that if Miss B— had paid more attention to the cultivation of her mind, and spent less time in ornamenting her person, she might have shared all the sweets and happiness this world could have afforded her; she might have been united to a man of sense, worth, and fortune; she might have been loved and cherished by a most endearing husband; and blessed with a little family of dutiful and respectful children. Whereas, on the contrary, her ridiculous conduct has driven her into obscurity, where she must for ever

ever lament the extravagance of her former folly and glaring indiscretion.

From the fate of this lady, therefore, let all the sex take warning ; and remember, that Providence has bestowed upon them an *inward* mirror \*, whereby they may adorn their minds, and regulate every action of their lives, with as much ease as they can adjust their dress by means of a common looking-glass. Nothing is a stronger instance of the goodness of the great Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed upon every reasonable creature.

This internal monitor, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the coquette in her ridiculous career, and make her look back with contempt upon all her vain and frivolous pursuits.

Beauties in vain their sparkling eyes may roll ;  
Charms strike the sight, but *merit* wins the soul.

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ON SEEING  
A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY,  
WITH A FADED ROSE.

HOW transient is all human bliss !  
The charms of beauty too, how vain !  
That *Rose*, fair Lady, lately shone  
The pride and glory of the plain.

\* Conscience.

It blossom'd like the blooming morn,  
 Bespangled with ethereal dew,  
 Diffusing sweetness all around,  
 And was as beautiful as You !

But now how chang'd, alas ! its pride ;  
 No more is smelt its soft perfume :  
 Where's the sweet glow that swell'd its leaf ?  
 Or where is gone its lovely bloom ?

'Tis thus, alas ! that beauty's charms,  
 Tho' blooming as the new-born day,  
 Must gradual, soon or later, fade,  
 And like this gentle flow'r decay.

Learn then, ye Fair, t'adorn your *minds*  
 With *graces* which can ne'er decay :  
 Nor need ye mind, with virtue arm'd,  
 How fast the minutes fly away !

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ON THE CAUSES OF

MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCES.

MONEY may purchase many of the comforts and pleasures of life, but it never can procure matrimonial love and happiness.

The mode in which both sexes are educated, is a source from which matrimonial evils are too often derived. Pretty miss can no sooner run alone than she is sent to a boarding-school, for fear she should learn

learn any part of the unfashionable jargon of a prudent family. Here all her time is principally employed in learning how to enter or leave a room with becoming grace; to decorate her person to the best advantage, and to learn a majestic noble step, as it is called; but which is, in fact, an awkward and stiff carriage, observable in almost every boarding-school miss.—The conquest of men of sense, the management of domestic concerns, and making the will pliant to all circumstances and connections in the commerce of life, are things too contemptible to be thought of in these polite feminaries of female education.

What can be expected from a young girl, transplanted immediately from the hot-house of a boarding-school, and placed as the head of a family, where she is to perform those offices she never practised, and had been regularly taught to despise? Her mornings are spent at her toilet, and the rest of the day passes in paying and receiving visits, while the business of the family is left to the management of servants; the husband, if a prudent man, soon begins to think that, instead of a helpmate, he has married an incumbrance; and that the portion she brought with her, will be soon squandered away among mantua-makers, mercers, linen-drapers, and perfumers.

Nor is the education of our young men much better calculated for the management of domestic concerns. Show and parade, gaiety and pleasure,

with a very superficial knowledge of the real essentials of life, make up the composition of a modern young beau. Without any knowledge of the world, except the loose part of it; too proud to admit the idea of any prudence or œconomy, he takes unto himself a wife, gay and flighty like himself; and in a few years, if not in a few months, they get rid of their whole stock both of fortune and affection; conceive an implacable disgust for each other, and then part.

A young man educated in this flippant manner, in his addresses to his mistress pays her almost divine adoration; while she, on her part, is pleased with such flattering language, and is often weak enough, after marriage, to expect it will continue. But enjoyment has damped the fire in his bosom, and he now beholds the fair one, not with the fable and deceitful eye of love, but through the cool medium of a husband. If such be the case in marriages, where love has been supposed to have some share, what must be those unions which are formed only on *interest*?

It is an old proverb, that, “Too much familiarity breeds contempt.” To inspire and preserve respect, kings and princes wear ensigns of grandeur, and are attended by guards; judges are arrayed in the badges of solemnity and wisdom; and learned men are never too free in opening the depth of their knowledge. Similar is the case with women, who seem sensible of it before marriage,

riage, but strangely neglect it afterwards. Men are hardly ever permitted to see them before marriage, but in their gay and splendid dress, and in their most lively and cheerful humours; all faults are at this time carefully concealed on both sides—but matrimony, like the spear of Ithuriel, gives its proper shape to all concealed characters, and exposes every deformity to view. The knot is now tied, and both parties are convinced, that there is no longer any occasion for reserve; instead of endeavouring to overlook each others defects, they are too often aggravated with the greatest rancour.

One great source of conjugal infelicity is, that the mode in which young men are educated leaves them strangers to the tempers of women, whom they think bound to obey them in all respects; while the women think they have a right to expect that unlimited submission they received from the men before marriage. Thus both parties being tenacious of their prerogatives, and neither willing to give up any thing, the spark is soon blown into a flame.

It has been the opinion of some women, that a reformed rake makes the best husband. I have indeed seen instances of women, who, after having made but indifferent wives to men of virtue and good sense, who justly fulfilled the duties of a husband, act in a more tender manner to a rakish *second* husband, whose acts of finning and repentance

kept pace with each other. It is indeed probable, as some writers have conjectured, that such is the constitution of female nature, that a little well-timed flattery and submission seldom fail of putting them into good humour, when the most prudent and unblemished conduct will not always effect it. A few tender caresses, and protestations of future amendment, will frequently prevail on a woman to forgive a long catalogue of sins; indifference and contempt are so exceedingly disgusting to women, that they never forgive them; but, when they are persuaded that their husbands love them in the intervals of folly, hatred seldom finds root in their hearts.

Many learned and sensible men get the character of bad husbands, merely because they have more friendship than to make a parade of love, and more real affection than they express; while the wild and rakish are often the most liked, because they have more love than friendship, and express more of both than they feel. In short, I am clearly of opinion, that were husbands more to disguise their sentiments of disgust, to make allowance for the frailties of women, and treat them with tenderness and kindness, there would not be so many complaints of conjugal infelicities.

## ON

## FEMALE SENSIBILITY AND COURAGE.

IT has been said of women, that they are incapable of attending (or at least deaf) to reason and conviction. This however will appear, upon proper examination, to be partial and unjust; for women in general can reason in a cool and candid manner on any subject, where their interest and passions are not concerned. Such appears to be the acuteness of female feelings, that wherever passion is opposed to reason, it operates so strongly, that every power and faculty of reason is, for a time, totally suspended; but this should not be argued solely against women, since we frequently see mankind acting in the same manner, in giving way to their passions, and suffering themselves to be hurried away by temporary fury.

No less unjust is the charge against them of inconstancy and the love of change. However they may be led away by imitating the fashionable follies of the times, yet they are less changeable than the men. The fair sex are in general formed for love, and seem impelled by nature to fix that passion on some particular object, as a lover, husband, or child; and, for want of these, on some favourite animal; which attachment, instead of being changeable,

able, generally gains strength by time and possession: So strong is this peculiarity of female nature, that many instances have been known, where nuns, for want of some other object, have attached themselves to a particular sister, with a passion little inferior to love; and history affords many instances of women, who, in spite of reason, reflection, and revenge, have been violently attached to the persons of their *first* seducers, though they had every reason to hate and detest them.

What has lessened women in the eyes of unthinking people, is the want of that courage and resolution so visible in the men; but this is surely no defect in their character, it being a mark of their delicacy and modesty, which it is the duty of men to defend, and not to censure. The Author of our being has placed women in a situation, in which exalted courage is seldom wanted; yet many instances might be produced of women being superior to men even in that particular. It is a general observation, with how much more courage and fortitude women bear sickness and bodily infirmities than men; and with how much more resolution they face the misfortunes and disappointments of life.

That there is but little difference between the two sexes, and that even the little difference there is, can arise only from education and prejudice, will clearly appear by inquiring into the state of men and women in savage countries. Among the

Esquimaux,

Esquimaux, and other North American Indians, the women accompany the men in their fishing and hunting expeditions; in these excursions, it is necessary for the women not only to have courage to attack whatever comes in their way, but to encounter the storms of a tempestuous climate, to endure the hardships of famine, and of every other evil, incident to such a mode of life in so inhospitable a region. In some places, where the woods afford but little game for the subsistence of the natives, and where they consequently are obliged to procure that subsistence from the stormy seas that surround them, women shew no less courage, or less dexterity in trusting themselves to the waves, than the men.

In Greenland, they expose themselves in a vessel on a stormy ocean, that would make the refined European tremble. In many of the islands of the South Seas, they plunge into the waves, and swim through a surf, which no European dares to attempt. In Himia, one of the Greek islands, young girls, before they are permitted to marry, are obliged to fish up a certain quantity of pearls, and dive for them at a certain depth. Many pearl fisheries are carried on by women, who, besides the dangers attending diving, are exposed to the attacks of the voracious shark, who frequently watches to devour them in that element, as men do in polished countries, on the surface of the earth, to dishonour and disgrace the sex.

Though

Though the women in savage countries are more generally endowed with courage than those in civil life, yet it does not appear that the latter are less conspicuous for it, when it is required by the circumstances in which they are placed. In both ancient and modern history, we frequently meet with accounts of women, who, preferring death to slavery or prostitution, sacrificed their lives with the most undaunted courage to avoid them. Apollodorus says, that Hercules having taken the city of Troy (prior to the famous siege of it celebrated by Homer), carried away captives the daughters of king Laomedon ; one of these named Euthira, being left with several other Trojan captives on board the Grecian fleet, while the sailors went on shore to take in fresh provisions, had the resolution to propose and the power to persuade her companions, to set fire to the ships, and to perish amidst the flames. The women of Phœnicia met together before an engagement, which was to decide the fate of their city, and having agreed to bury themselves in the flames, if their husbands and relations were defeated ; in the enthusiasm of their courage and resolution, they crowned her with flowers who first made the proposal. Many instances occur in various parts of ancient history, where women being driven to despair by their enemies, have bravely defended their walls, and have freely hazarded their lives to assist their countrymen, and free themselves from slavery or ravishment.

The

The loss of beauty is by some said to be more alarming to a woman than even the fear of death; but certain it is, that even this loss, however opposite to the feelings of their nature, they have freely consented to sustain, that they might not be objects of temptation to lawless ravishers.—The nuns of a convent in France, fearing they should be violated by a ruffian army, which had by storm taken the town in which the convent was situated, at the recommendation of their abbess, mutually agreed to cut off their noses, that they might save their chastity, by becoming objects of disgust instead of desire.

Many more instances of heroic courage in women might be produced; and amongst these Penthesilea, who, as ancient history relates, led her army to the assistance of Iriam, king of Troy; Thomyris, who encountered Cyrus, king of Persia; and Thalestris, famous for her warlike actions. Such was Boadicia, queen of the Britons, who led on her people to revenge the wrongs done to herself and her country by the Romans. In later periods, such was the Maid of Orleans, and Margaret of Anjou; which last, according to several histories, commanded at no less than twelve pitched battles.

It must, however, be confessed, that instances of courage like those we have just mentioned, are not expected from the ladies of our times. Men in general love and value women according to

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their

their delicacy and modesty; and consider unnecessary courage as a blemish in the female character.

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FROM A

LADY IN THE COUNTRY

TO A

FRIEND IN TOWN,

INVITING HER TO PARTAKE OF RURAL PLEASURES; WITH  
A DESCRIPTION OF A WORTHY AND HAPPY COUPLE.

MY dear Fidelia, I am sure, will not envy me the rustic enjoyment of village sports, whilst you can range unrivalled in *Kensington Gardens* and the *Park*; and, at other times, display yourself in all the pride of beauty, glittering with jewels in a side-box, the masquerade, or Ranelagh, with all your surrounding beau attendants: These inflate your mind with empty adulation, and make you think you are something above the human species, and incapable of change, pain, or the innovations of age and disease.

Alas! what is there our weak sex will not believe, when we are complimented with the attributes of a Deity? Pleasure we still pursue in every delusive form, though when it has run its wild career, it generally leaves us near the same ground on which it first found us; seldom on better.

But these, you will tell me, " are cold, phlegmatic sentiments, to which you will not attempt " to lower your ideas: They can only be adopted " by some country parson's wife, or forsaken old " maid, who never breathed the fragrant air of " St. James's, and can have no perception of the " glorious conquest of subduing hearts.

" Rustic souls in the country may duly attend " their twelve o'clock dinner, and be pleased with " the stupid amusement of books and needle-work; " but such frozen hearts can have no more adequate " idea of the homage paid to the empire of beauty " in London, than the deaf can be judges of har- " mony; the blind of colours; or the prude of po- " liteness." Such being the language of your heart, I am afraid I should have but ill success, were I to invite you to leave the beau-monde parties in town (who are daily offering up the incense of flattery to your sweet person); and for variety's sake wish you to try what the country will afford.

\* \* \* \* \*

Constantia, the vicar's wife, with whom I am at present upon a visit; has refined sense, and a judicious taste in most parts of ancient and modern literature; being mistress of the French tongue, and not ignorant of the Italian. Her husband often appeals to her judgment, in points of criticism, to strengthen his own; yet, with all the advantage of a scholar, in abstruse science, the modest Constantia is as humble as either of her maids; and as

fearful of displaying her superior knowledge that way, as if she was to be fined for the acquisition. She well knows every branch of domestic œconomy, and there she constantly shines with peculiar grace and dignity. Calm, steady wisdom, seems to direct every part of the compass in her line of duty, and all is prudently executed, without hurry or confusion.

The world, in general, have a very illiberal opinion of the conduct and manners of women who are deemed learned ; an epithet of frightful import ! With it we are looked on, by our own sex, as owls among the lesser birds ; and, by the lords of creation, as having a superficial, pragmatical knowledge. But surely this is an error in judgment ; for learning, properly used, renders our sex much more suitable companions to men of sense and literature ; as well as better qualified to instruct their children, and save some expence in their education. That man must have a very contracted soul, who is jealous of prerogative, because his wife happens to know something beyond the government of her table.

No such narrow-minded jealousy reigns in the breast of the worthy and reverend vicar. His and his Constantia's conduct to each other, gives me the highest opinion of the marriage state, in which this couple have lived above *thirty* years, mutual comforts to each other ; and still their happiness seems increasing : For the God-like luxury of promoting

moting each other's felicity, and doing good to society, is a bliss of that nature, that age cannot alter, nor custom satiate. \* \* \* \* \*

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M. D.

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ADMONITORY LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

IF good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,  
And weeds despoil the place for flow'rs design'd ;  
The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest,  
Bad tends to worse, as better leads to best :  
We either gain or lose—we sink or rise,  
Nor rests our struggling nature till she dies.  
Those very passions that our peace invade,  
If rightly pointed, blessings may be made.—  
Then rise, my friend, above terrestrial aims,  
Direct the ardour that your breast inflames  
To that pure region of eternal joys,  
Where fear disturbs not ! nor possession cloys.  
Beyond what fancy form'd of rosy bow'rs,  
Or blooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs ;  
Fairer than e'er imagination drew,  
Or poets warmest visions ever knew—  
Prest eager onward to those blissful plains,  
Where one unbounded Spring for ever reigns.

G. W.

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ON

## ON A BLIND BEAUTY.

THE beauteous Flavia Heaven deprives of sight,  
 To view those charms that give the world delight ;  
 Let not her heart, subdu'd with grief, complain :  
 Had she beheld her form, she had been vain.  
 One sense in pure compassion Heaven denies,  
 And to secure her Virtue—dims her eyes \*.

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THE  
WISE VIRGIN'S CHOICE,

WRITTEN BY A LADY TO A FRIEND.

IF you would know, my dearest friend,  
 The man whose merit may pretend  
 To gain my heart ; that yet is free,  
 Him that is made for love and me,  
  
 His *mind* should be his chiefest care,  
 All his improvements centre there ;  
 From each unmanly passion free,  
 This is the man who's made for me.

Whose generous bosom goodness warms,  
 Whom sacred virtue ever charms,  
 Who to no vice a slave will be ;  
 This is the man who's made for me.

\* A lesser evil may be borne to avoid a greater ; let us ever acquiesce with the dealings of Providence with submission and willingness, well assured Heaven best knows what is fit and best for us in every station of life.

Whose

Whose tongue can easily impart  
The dictates of his honest heart  
In plain good sense ; from flatt'ry free ;  
Such he must prove who's made for me.

Ye powder'd beaux, from me retire,  
Who only your dear selves admire ;  
Tho' deck'd in richest lace you be,  
Yet still you're not the men for me.

He, *he* alone can love inspire,  
Who feels the warmth of friendship's fire ;  
Humane and gen'rous, kind and free ;  
This is the man who's made for me.

If such a one (my friend) e'er tries  
To make me his by wedlock's ties,  
The study of my life shall be,  
To please the man so dear to me.

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FROM A  
YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL NUN,

IN A  
CONVENT IN PORTUGAL,

TO AN ENGLISH OFFICER SOME TIME RESIDENT IN  
THAT COUNTRY.

AT length, dear youth, my dream of bliss is o'er,  
And ev'ry joy, and every hope's no more;

Each

Each pleasing prospect's vanish'd from my sight,  
 And lost in gloom of everlasting night.  
 Erewhile I thought the happy period near,  
 When love might reign without control or fear ;  
 When each bleſſ'd hour new transports should  
 employ,  
 And sacred Hymen consecrate our joy :  
 When, far, far hence ! upon thy native shore,  
 Religious tyranny should vex no more ;  
 No more a convent's gloomy thoughts affright,  
 But all be peace, content, and calm delight !  
 With what sweet transports did my mind survey  
 The fancied joys of that ideal day !  
 But, ah ! vain ſcheme, by human wisdom laid,  
 Thy treasure's lost, thy Isabel's betray'd :  
 Again this cell my wretched form detains ;  
 A wretched form is all that now remains !  
 So chang'd it is, by grief, and sad despair,  
 A ſpectre seems more lovely and more fair ;  
 And ſoon a ghastly ſpectre ſhall I be !  
 A shade, a name, forgot by all but *thee* !  
 Death haſtens on—one ſingle ſtruggle more,  
 My thread of life is broke—and all is o'er.—  
 Receive, Alexis, then, this laſt adieu  
 To all that's dear on earth—to love and you.

No more theſe eyes ſhail thy lov'd face ſurvey,  
 And gaze, with transport, happy hours away :  
 No more thy heart at my approach ſhall beat,  
 No tender vows be utter'd at my feet ;

No melting kisses shall these vows repay,  
 No gentle smiles shall chase thy cares away.  
 Oh, gracious Heav'n! if virtue be your care,  
 Why so unjust, so cruelly severe?  
 Could not thy pity grant one tender word;  
 One last embrace, one parting kiss, afford?  
 But, ah! 'tis past—Heaven, unrelenting, sees  
 My tears, my sighs, my deep-felt miseries;  
 Each pang is mine that mortal breast can feel,  
 And greater far than language may reveal!  
 Distraction reigns; despair, with all its train,  
 Haunts like a fiend, and boils in every vein!  
 I rave! I cry!—all wilder'd with my cares;  
 But, oh! no help's at hand; no hope appears:  
 E'en the small comfort to complain's denied—  
 Maria gone, in whom shall I confide?  
 She, in whose breast my griefs a refuge found,  
 Whose words were balm to every heart-felt wound;  
 Whose eyes this dreary prison might illume;  
 She, who alone could reconcile a tomb,  
 Is now no more!—Alas! for ever fled  
 From human eyes—she rests among the dead.—

Oh, happy maid! thy cares, too, are at rest,  
 No sorrows now disturb thy peaceful breast:  
 Thou, free from pain, from every ill secure,  
 Unconscious of the woes that I endure!  
 But soon this soul, that lov'd thee more than life,  
 Shall with its body end a feeble strife;  
 And, freed, at large thy mansions shall explore,  
 Where peace shall dwell—and we shall part no more!—

And

And thou, dear youth, my sole surviving joy,  
 My love for thee no fate can e'er destroy ;  
 No time thy virtues from my mind erase,  
 Or fade the image of thy much-lov'd face !  
 In other worlds, from earthly bondage free,  
 My frequent thoughts shall, anxious, turn to thee.  
 With watchful care I'll hover o'er thy head,  
 In pleasing visions visit oft thy bed.

When pain and sickness shall thy breast assaile,  
 I'll weary Heaven, till I at length prevail ;  
 Through every scene of life thy steps I'll tend,  
 At once thy guardian, comforter, and friend !  
 And when grim Death, as surely death must come,  
 Shall fix unalterably thy final doom,  
 Then I'll be there, to smooth thy passage o'er,  
 And meet thee once again, to part no more.

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### THE POET'S WISH.

IF join'd to make up Virtue's glorious tale,  
 A weak, but pious aid can aught avail ;  
 Each sacred study, each diviner page,  
 That once inspir'd my youth, shall soothe my age.  
 Deaf to ambition, and to interest's call ;  
 Honour my titles, and enough my all ;  
 No pimp of pleasure, and no slave of state ;  
 Serene from fools, and guiltless of the great ;  
 Some calm and undisturb'd retreat I'll chuse  
 Dear to myself and friends. Perhaps the muse

May

May grant, while all my thoughts her charms  
employ,  
If not a future fame, a *present* joy,  
Pure from each feverish hope, each weak desire;  
Thoughts that improve, and slumbers that inspire;  
A stedfast peace of mind, rais'd far above  
The guilt of hate and weakness of love;  
Humbly submissive to the sovereign will,  
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill.

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A MORNING SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

SOFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,  
My pow'rs are all renew'd;  
May my freed spirit too awake,  
With heavenly strength endued!  
  
Think, O my soul, could dying men  
One squander'd hour retrieve,  
Tho' spent in tears, and past in pain,  
What treasures would they give!  
  
Lord! when thy day of dread account,  
For lavish'd hours shall come;  
O let not this increase th' amount,  
And swell the former sum.  
  
Teach me in health, each good to prize,  
I dying shall esteem;  
And every pleasure to despise,  
I then shall worthless deem.

THE

THE SKULL'S ADDRESS  
TO THE FAIR SEX.

BLUSH not, ye Fair, to own me, but be wise,  
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes.

Fame says, and Fame alone can tell how true,  
I once was lovely, and belov'd like you ;  
Where are my vot'ries ? where my flatt'lers now ?  
Fled with the subject of each lover's vow.  
Adieu, the rose's red, the lily's white,  
Adieu those eyes which made the darknes light ;  
Turn from the glas, ye Fair, and view in me,  
What many thousands cannot bear to see ;  
Unvarnished, I the real truth impart,  
Nor here am plac'd but to direct the heart ;  
Survey me round, ye females, and believe,  
Death may deform, but cannot once deceive ;  
However handsome now, when life is past,  
To my complexion you must come at last.

On beauteous charms no more, ye belles, depend,  
The grave does all without distinction blend ;  
All pres alike to that same goal the tomb,  
Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.

When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,  
Learn from a skull to boast of charms no more ;  
Virtue alone, against decay can arm,  
And even lend mortality - *a charm.*

ON THE  
PICTURES OF SAINTS;  
OR,  
POPISH FOLLY DISPLAYED.

BY A LADY.

I REMEMBER being told a story of a woman who had lost a sum of money, and having the picture of St. Anthony by her, to which she generally paid her devotions; away marched she to her chamber, abused poor St. Anthony to a terrible degree, for letting her lose her money; and swore, that unless he helped her to it again, she would imprison him for it; upon which, she seized the poor picture in a most violent manner, and locked it up in her chest, by way of putting St. Anthony into prison for the cash. That very night, as she sat sleeping in her chair, she dreamt that St. Anthony came to her; and told her, that the man who was there at work before her, was he that had committed the robbery.

She instantly awoke, seized the fellow by the throat, and accused him of the theft; the fellow being frightened, and not knowing how to come off, confessed his guilt, and produced the money; which so delighted the good woman, that she ran as fast as she could drive, and released St. Anthony from prison; placing him on a table surrounded

R.

by

by a large number of lighted candles. When this was done, she sent forthwith for the priest, to tell him what had happened, and to implore his assistance, in offering up prayers, honour, praise, and glory, to St. Anthony, for the favour he had done her.

The lady who related this story to me, and affirmed it for truth, delivered it as an excellent proof of the woman's faith. Great was her faith, said she, and according to that faith, was it done unto her.

I doubt not the truth of the matter, for it is well known ; and great was her faith, say I too indeed ; but it was a very presumptuous faith ; and as glaring a proof of popish folly, superstition, and idolatry, as I ever heard of.

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### A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE,

RESPECTING A POOR WOMAN\*.

A REAL FACT.

SHE was subject to a nervous disorder, which had sunk her into a deep melancholy. While suffering under this, she one morning left her house and children, two boys, one *eight* and the other *ten*, who waited her return with impatience. Night approached, but their mother did not come home. Full of terror, the poor little boys went in search

\* The mother of Henderson the player.

of her. Ignorant what course to take, they wandered till midnight about the places where she used to walk, but wandered without success. Upon this they agreed to return back again, but neither of them knew the way.

Fatigued, alarmed, distressed, they sat down on a bank to weep, when they observed at some distance a luminous appearance, and supposing it a candle in some friendly habitation, hastily directed their steps towards it. As they moved, the light moved also, and glided from field to field for a considerable time\*. At length it seemed fixed, and on their near approach vanished on the side of a large piece of water; on the margin of which they found their mother in a desponding state, from which she was happily roused by the presence and tears of her two children; and returned home with them, to their unspeakable joy.

\* This doubtless was neither an *ignis fatuus*, nor a creation of the imagination; but a kind interposition of Providence, for the preservation of the widow, and her two sons.

HENRIETTA:  
OR, THE  
PENITENT DAUGHTER.

—Ah! then, ye fair,  
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;  
Dare not th' infectious sigh, the pleasing look,  
Downcast and low, in meek submision dreſt,  
But full of guile! Let not the fervent tongue,  
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,  
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bow'r,  
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses ſhed a couch,  
While ev'ning draws her crimson curtains round,  
Truſt your ſoft moments with betraying man.

THOMSON,

HENRIETTA was the only daughter of respectable parents, though not wealthy; they loved her much, and her attachment and attention to them was the consolation of their old age. Nature endowed her well both in body and mind, and her education was equal to her other accomplishments.

One night at a ball, as often happens on such occasions, ſhe was ſeen by a young gentleman of fortune, who at firſt ſight fell violently in love with her. Stanley beheld her at firſt with the eye of ſacred love, and made her honourable propoſals. Her heart was as young and ſusceptible as his, and it was not long before ſhe confeſſed an equal flame.

Stanley's

Stanley's circumstances being greatly superior to Henrietta's, made his offers more acceptable.

Stanley's father, on finding out the connection forming by his son, began to interrogate him on the occasion, when discovering the disparity of circumstances, he forbad his son's proceeding. Minds that have no happiness but in hoarding, think there can be none without it. This mortifying disappointment he carefully secreted from his charmer. It was soon whispered, notwithstanding, among her connections; nor did he in the least deny it, the moment an explanation was demanded.

The natural consequence of this affecting discovery was, that his visits were prohibited, while the attachment of the lovers continued inviolable. In vain then was every method tried to alienate their affections. No considerations could mitigate their mutual fondness; no precautions keep them asunder.

Henrietta's parents, naturally apprehensive of the consequence of an intrigue without the least probability of marriage, in order to prevent all further correspondence with Stanley, sent her to France, where she lived with a distant relation for some time. Stanley, however, soon found out the place of her retreat, nor was he long in flinging himself at her feet—he told her that he was willing to give her his hand, and abide by the consequence; that for his *own* part, no sufferings could affect him so much as her absence; that his father would certainly disinherit him, but that he would work,

beg, rob, or die for her ; but that could she bear to live with him without the formality of matrimony, he would maintain her handsomely ; and as his father could not live long, they could then marry at their own convenience.

This passionate declaration, so captivating to female credulity, prevailed—her virtue, which had been, probably, none of the strongest, gave way ; and in a few months they returned to London, perfectly in the *ton* ; lived together according to the fashion, and set up an equipage. The friends of both equally abandoned them, only that Stanley's father, who had been a man of gallantry in his younger days, did not grudge the expence of a mistress to his son.

It is but justice to the memory of Stanley to observe, that possession did not in the least abate his tenderness ; and that there is no doubt but he would have married her according as he promised, as soon as he found it consistent with his future prospects. His preliminary conduct was criminal and romantic, but he had a large share of resolution. Providence, however, interfered to blast an union that originated in guilt ; for they had not cohabited above two or three years, when Stanley died of a fever. What a scene of cruelty on the one hand, and distress on the other, then ensued ! Henrietta had one child by him, and was big with another. His unrelenting friends stripped her of every thing, rudely pushed her out of doors, and even suffered her to be sued for his debts.

In such a condition, and thus circumstanced, she had not one human being with whom to consult, or into whose bosom she could deposit her complaints. Modest women did not avoid her more studiously than she avoided all others; and since the man of her heart was no more, the whole world appeared to her a blank, and all her comforts seemed buried in the grave with him. To what quarter could she then look for relief? "My dear boy (she would say " to her son) thou art now fatherless and without a " friend—thou hast reason to blush at the very name " of mother.—My sorrows will soon end with my " life, but what can deliver thee from all the wretch- " edness which I have entailed on thy head?" Fondly and frequently did she look on her babe till the tear of sorrow eas'd the pungency of her afflictions.

A few weeks after Stanley's death she was delivered of a daughter. Lost almost for want of assistance, she wrote a very penitential letter to her parents, soliciting their forgiveness and protection. Her father, with a generosity and compassion that do honour to humanity, instantly afforded her all the relief and consolation in his power.

Two tender infants shared the sympathy and affection of Henrietta's parents. The infant was put out to nurse, and a retired dwelling provided for the mother and her son, where they live secluded from the world. But say, ye tender-hearted, how wretched must her life be, with opulence exchanged for penury, honour for shame, and hope for despair!

The

The friends of Stanley reprobate her and her children with an unfeeling antipathy. Happy if she can find any comfort from Heaven, and her own heart; for to her, life, with all its prospects, is barren and unfruitful.

Surely you must be sensible that, short as the present life is, felicity is greatly preferable to wretchedness. Ask your senators in years and experience, and they will tell you how delicate and perilous the season of youth is. Take care of your hearts, admit no guest there whom you do not perfectly know. Who can tell what mischiefs result from rash attachments! Above all things, preserve your innocence; it is a treasure, in possession of which you can never be poor. Flattery tends to seduction, and happiness seldom succeeds lost honour.

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### ON TRUE HAPPINESS,

AN EPISTLE WRITTEN

TO A YOUNG LADY IN THE COUNTRY.

**BELINDA** to her utmost wish is blest—

But stay, my friend, that hasty thought review;  
New wishes yet will rise to break your rest,  
And discontent your vacant hours pursue.

**True** happiness is not the growth of earth,  
The toil is fruitless if you seek it there;  
**T**is an exotic of celestial birth,  
And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet

Sweet plant of Paradise, its seeds are sown  
 In here and there a mind of heav'nly mould ;  
 It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er is known  
 'To blossom *here*—the climate is too cold.

Ah ! no—Belinda, you have only found  
 Some flow'r that charms your fancy, gaily dress'd  
 In shining dyes—a native of the ground,  
 And think you are of happiness possest.

But mark its date!—to-morrow you may find  
 The colours fade, the lovely form decay ;  
 And can that pleasure satisfy the mind,  
 Which fades, and blooms, and withers in a day ?

O may your erring wishes learn to rife  
 Beyond the transient bliss that fancy knows ;  
 Search not on earth, explore its native skies,  
 There happiness in full perfection grows.

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#### THE CHARMS OF PIETY.

HAIL ! heav'nly Piety, supremely fair !  
 Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair ;  
 Bid in each breast unusual transport flow,  
 And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe :  
 How blest the fair who leaves each meaner scene,  
 Like thee exalted, smiling, and serene !  
 Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight ;  
 Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight ;  
 Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,  
 Can soar at once beyond the views of time :

Till loos'd from earth, as angels unconfin'd,  
 She flies aërial on the darting wind ;  
 Free as the keen-ey'd eagle, bears away,  
 And mounts the regions of eternal day.

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## ON THE

## DEATH OF A NEW-MARRIED LADY.

HAIL! happy bride! for thou art truly blest;  
*Three* months of rapture crown'd with endless rest.  
 Virtue like yours was Heav'n's peculiar care;—  
 You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere :  
 To you the sweets of love were only known,  
 The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown.  
 You had not yet the fatal change deplo'd,  
 The tender lover for th' impetuous lord ;  
 Nor felt the pains that jealous fondness brings,  
 Nor wept that coldness from possession springs ;  
 Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew,  
 No vain repentance gave a sigh to you ;  
 And as superior bliss heav'n can bestow,  
 With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

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## DAPHNIS AND AMINTOR:

OR,

## RURAL SIMPLICITY.

THE singular happiness and content to be found among the country villagers often appears to be far preferable to an exalted station.

Daphnis.

Daphnis might have been the ornament of a court, if she had not preferred the obscurity of a village.—Her stature was somewhat of the tallest, yet formed with the greatest delicacy; the smiles of innocence irradiated her countenance, and the symmetry of her features was only an index to the harmony in her soul. She captivated without design. She always reaped happiness from communicating it to others. Grateful to that Being which had lavished its favours upon her, she made use of those favours only to turn the thoughts of others towards him.

Amintor was early the choice of her heart. Their friendship commenced in the lisping days of infancy, and when age had matured the blossoms of beauty and the bud of discretion, their friendship was exalted into love. The first dawning of the passion alarmed both their hearts; they looked upon it as a kind of sacrilege to dispose of their hearts without the parental sanction; and they determined to gain that, before they would permit the embers of love to rise to a flame.

An affection, which is thus founded, will inevitably secure happiness. Heaven, which inculcates obedience to parents, cannot fail to reward it.

Though fond of each other, they avoided every approach to what might be incompatible with the most scrupulous modesty. Their love had in it all the fervour of affection without the least mixture of vice. Such endearments as rustic simplicity

city would allow, they frequently tasted: Their employments were congenial with their souls; their fleecy care was an emblem of their own innocence.

On the morn which was to unite them for ever, they walked abroad to view the beauties of nature—Amintor caught this opportunity of shewing both his attachment and his simplicity.

The summer had enamelled the plain with its gaudiest flowers, which ravish the sight. Daphne admired the gay profusion, with a heart elated with gratitude to the Divine Disposer of all things.—Amintor watched her eye, and finding how her thoughts were employed, anticipated his future happiness, and poured out an ejaculation for the prospect of being master of a fairer flower than any of the vegetable tribe. He quitted her to gather a chaplet for her head, which he placed thereon with heartfelt pleasure and respect. This little embellishment appeared to him to heighten her charms—he was so overpowered with her beauties, that he forgot the restraint that till then he had preserved, and he imprinted a kiss upon her hand.

Unused to such freedoms, Daphnis seemed at a loss how to act; there was a something within her that would neither suffer her to be angry, nor permit her to hazard the renewal of the freedom, and therefore she directed her course to her father's cottage.

The village maidens being in waiting, after a breakfast on the green before the cottage, they set off for the church, where Daphnis crowned the wishes of Amintor; after which the day was concluded with the most engaging variety of rural entertainments.

Now she is united with Amintor in indissoluble, and, to them, the most engaging bands. They can look back on every interview without a blush; and Daphnis, from experience, can assert, that if their affection has the sanction of parents, and is not suffered to exhaust its flames before marriage, it will be commensurate with their lives.

They who would be as happy as Amintor and Daphnis, must walk in their steps; and suffer Wisdom and Prudence to lead them to the altar of Hymen.

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### COLIN AND COLINETTE,

#### A PASTORAL HISTORY.

COLINETTE was young and handsome, she was the daughter of a poor farmer, and heiress only to the blessings of health and content. Colin was a neighbouring shepherd, and possessed but a scanty pittance, which he derived from attending his fleecy care.

S

It

It may be said of love as of ambition, both the one and the other leads to great achievements if they are well directed. Love is only a vice where the heart is corrupt; in vicious minds it is the principle of all disorders; but being of a refined nature in generous souls, it prompts them to the most noble efforts.

Colin retiring home one evening with his sheep, was solicited by Colinette to make one in a small party at gambols on the green, which was to be the ensuing evening, in celebration of the birth-day of the neighbouring 'squire. Colin joyfully accepted the generous invitation, and with a garland of roses which he wove for Colinette, he repaired to her father's cottage.

Elate with the contemplation of the rural enjoyments they were to share, they hastened to the green, and partook of the entertainments, which were furnished in an elegant simplicity. During the evening the 'squire passed many encomiums on them, and at the conclusion inquired of his steward who they were, when on being informed, he promised himself to gain an acquaintance with them.

Colin was charmed with the elegance and disinterested simplicity of her manners, and in walking home he told his artless tale. Colinette answered only with a blush, which diffused itself over her countenance, and which considerably heightened her charms. When they arrived at home, Colinette

made her parents acquainted with the proposal, and they cheerfully gave their assent thereto.

As the 'squire was walking one day through the meadows, absorbed in thought, on turning round he was suddenly attracted by the agreeable appearance of Colin, who lay asleep. Stopping short, he exclaimed, "How happy is this rustic! How found " does he sleep upon the grass, while I, laid on a " bed formed by the hands of luxury, have not " been able to close my eye-lids." This soliloquy, accompanied with a deep sigh, awakened the shepherd.

"Is it you, Colinette?" said he, rubbing his eyes.

"Who is Colinette, my friend?" said the 'squire.

"Ah! please your honour, my lord," answered Colin, "she is a pretty girl in our village, whom " I am courting, and shall be married to her to- " morrow."

"What!" said the 'squire, "can you sleep to- " day, when you are to be married to-morrow?"

"Yes, my lord," said he; "can happiness keep " a person from sleeping? If you will do us the " honour to come to our wedding, you will then " see that we are not always asleep." The 'squire accepted the invitation, and promised to be with them.

Colin returned in raptures to the village, and related the adventure to Colinette, who blushed on hearing it.

The marriage was celebrated—Simplicity furnished its ornament, and mirth was the only expence. The 'squire kept his promise, was present at the wedding, made one in the dances, and has given them repeated proofs of the sincerity of his friendship and esteem.

Feeling in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,  
And gives to beauty graces more refin'd ;  
O who could bear the loveliest form of art,  
A cherub's face with an unfeeling heart ?  
'Tis there alone they find true joys appear,  
The wife, the parent, and the friend sincere.

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### THE FORCE OF BEAUTY.

ENCHANTING nymph, of heavenly birth,  
Celestial Beauty ! set on earth  
To sooth our cares, our toils, our strife,  
And gild the gloom that saddens life :  
Thine empire countless millions own,  
And every clime reveres thy throne :  
Whate'er pursuits mankind engage,  
From frolic youth to serious age,  
To thy resistless pow'r they bow,  
Whilst Nature prompts the artless vow.  
Lur'd by the hopes thy smiles can give,  
For thee the wretch endures to live.

Entic'd

Entic'd by thee to happier dreams,  
Ambition drops his airy schemes,  
To purchase thee from caverns deep,  
The miser brings his treasur'd heap.  
The sage, with reason's boasted arms,  
Awhile may combat Beauty's charms ;  
But soon a bursting sigh will prove,  
That reason never conquers love.  
Yet ere I bow before thy shrine,  
And hail thy pow'r with rites divine,  
O, blest enchantress ! deign to tell  
In what confests thy magic spell.

Is it an eye, whose sparkling rays  
Eclipse the diamond's fainter blaze ?  
A cheek, that shames the vernal rose ?  
A breast, that vies with mountain snows ?  
A mouth, that smiles with matchless grace,  
Like pearls within a ruby case ?  
A shape like that which once was seen  
On Ida, when the Cyprian queen  
Disclos'd her charms to mortal eyes,  
Contending for the golden prize ?  
These may our warmest passions fire,  
And kindle every fierce desire ;  
But love upheld by these alone,  
Must soon resign his tott'ring throne,  
And hold a poor precarious sway,  
The short-liv'd beauty of a day.

AN ESSAY  
ON  
GAIETY AND MELANCHOLY.

WHAT surpasses our desires, does not fill them; what fills them, does not give happiness, from the want of that sweet tranquillity which springs from the brisk and natural flow of the animal spirits. A woman for want of this tranquillity is not happy, nor can she say what she wants to render her so. She cannot say she is deprived of health, because the want of health does not shew itself by the want of gaiety, without either pain or positive evil. She does not suffer, but she is not gay, because her blood circulates too slowly; yet not slow enough to render her ill, but only so slow as to render her mind too gloomy, or at least too serious. In a word, such a woman is not ill, but, at the same time, is not well: There are doubtless other explications of this state, which physicians may more easily give, as it is a very common case with women.

Most of those who complain, and are in reality unhappy, attribute their unhappiness much more to the want of some external good, as *riches*, for example, than to their internal dispositions, their temper, their manner of thinking, and their sensations;

tions; so that a poet or pagan philosopher would say, if any deity should give them leave to ask what would render them happy, there are none of them, even of the most melancholy turn of mind, who would not rather demand riches than perfect health, and a cheerful flow of spirits.

Most of the melancholy kind are inclined to believe that their disposition proceeds more from habit of body, than from the privation of something they desire to possess. They attribute their sadness to moral rather than to physical causes. They believe they are filled with vexation, and not with melancholy; but their melancholy alone is the cause of their vexation. Yet they will say, “I am *naturally* melancholy. What would I give to be naturally gay, and to be as cheerful as such a one?” Yet the most rich, and the least avaricious of those who talk in this manner, would prefer being richer to being less melancholy.

Gaiety is a better resource against poverty, than riches against melancholy.

All persons are capable of being unhappy; but it is not in the power of every one to be happy.

They may be unhappy with the proper disposition for happiness; but though surrounded by every blessing, they cannot be happy without this disposition, which always supposes amiable qualities that attract esteem. Thus the unhappy can only be pitied, while the happy are always in some degree worthy of praise.

The

The happy are commonly persons who have an amiable character ; for a woman who is of a cheerful sweet disposition, and who confines her desires within the bounds of moderation, is ever happy. For though true felicity is not always the attendant on virtue, it is never to be found with vice.

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## THE GOOD UNCLE:

## A PICTURE DRAWN FROM LIFE.

AFTER having passed through various scenes of life, I am at length arrived to an happy old age, I mean a *healthy* one. I have been for some years past a single man, and have, alas ! experienced the most heart-felt griefs ; but time has softened their severity, and the tender remembrance is become rather pleasing than painful to me. I enjoy the thought that each day brings me still nearer to a meeting with those I have loved and lost. One tender object engrosses all my attention—an orphan niece, recommended by a dying sister to my care.

For her I feel all the anxiety of a father, and, for her sake, wish to live till I can secure to her the protection of some worthy man, who may deserve to call so bright a jewel his. I give you leave  
to

to make allowances for an old man's fondness, but I think her "the fairest pattern of excelling nature." Her age is just *sixteen*; her birth and fortune entitle her to make some figure in what is called the polite world, and I would by no means exclude her from it; but how shall I guard her young heart from being infected with the follies she must meet with there? Have I not reason to apprehend, that the lessons such numbers will be endeavouring to teach her in this school of vanity, will make deeper impressions than any thing I can say? To attempt defending her against them is all I can do.

To this endeavour I make her *pride* my associate. I strive to raise her in her own opinion; to convince her that she was born for nobler purposes than, like the gay insect of a day, to flutter for a while and die. I tell her, admiration cannot long be her's; a few years must put an end to it, should no merciless distemper, by removing the cause, deprive her of it sooner. But *esteem*, far preferable to *admiration*, she may, if she pleases, secure to herself, to her latest moments. I do not attempt to depreciate the charms of her person, I acknowledge them to be superior to those of the generality of women; but I recommend it to her, to consider this advantage as a farther call upon her gratitude to Providence, from whom she has received it.

When her glass presents to her the faithful representation of her obligations to nature, I advise  
her

her to be careful that the jewel within may be worthy of so rich a casket; and intreat her to be watchful that no internal deformity may disgrace the elegance and beauty of her outward appearance. That the regularity of her words and actions may correspond with that of her features, I beg her to be persuaded that no *rouge* is to be purchased, that can animate her face equal to the glow of innocence and conscious virtue.

I am very sensible all the instructions I can give her, fall infinitely short of those she would have received from her dear and worthy parents, had they been longer continued to her. Her mother would have held forth her indulgent hand to guide her through those paths herself had trod with so much honour; she would have prevented her mistaking thorns for flowers, like too many of her unthinking sex, who have gathered them as such, and placed them in their bosoms, without discovering the fatal error till wounded by them.

My principal aim in her education, is to make her a conversable companion for a man of sense; or, in other words, a prudent wife, a careful mother, and a good economist.

A

MINISTER'S ADVICE

TO A

YOUNG LADY:

AN EXTRACT.

THY winning grace will lose its power to charm,  
Thy smile to vanquish, and thy breast to warm:  
The reign of beauty, like the blooming flow'r,  
Is but the pride and pageant of an hour;  
To-day its sweets perfume the ambient air,  
To-morrow sees it shrunk, nor longer fair;  
Such the extent of all *external* sway;  
At best, the glory of a short-liv'd day;  
Then let the mind your noblest care engage;  
Its beauties last beyond the flight of age:  
'T is *mental* charms protract each dying grace,  
And renovate the bloom that deck'd the beau-  
teous face.

Let ev'ry virtue reign within thy breast,  
That Heav'n approves, or makes its owner blest;  
To candour, truth, and charity divine,  
The modest, decent, lovely virtues join;  
Let wit, well temper'd, meet with sense refin'd,  
And ev'ry thought express the polish'd mind:  
A mind above the meanness of deceit;  
Of honour pure—in conscious virtue great;  
In ev'ry change that keeps one steady aim,  
And feels that joy and virtue are the same.

And

And O ! let prudence o'er each thought preside,  
 Direct in public, and in private guide ;  
 Teach thee the snares of artifice to shun,  
 And know, not *feel*, how others were undone :  
 Teach thee to tell the flatt'rer from the friend,  
 And those who love, from those who but pretend \*.

Ah ! ne'er let flatt'ry tempt you to believe ;  
 For man is false, and flatters to deceive ;  
 Adores those charms his falsehood would disdain,  
 And laughs at confidence he strives to gain.  
 And if delight your bosom e'er would taste,  
 O shun the vicious, dread the faithless breast !  
 Infection breathes, where'er they take their way,  
 And weeping innocence becomes a prey :  
 The slightest blasts, a female's bliss destroy,  
 And taint the source of all her sweetest joy ;  
 Kill ev'ry blossom, over-run each flow'r,  
 And wrest from beauty all its charming pow'r.  
 The dying bud<sup>4</sup> may burst to life again,  
 And herbs o'erspread the snow-invested plain ;  
 Green leaves may clothe the wint'ry widow'd trees,  
 And where frost nipt, may fan the western breeze :  
 " But beauteous woman no redemption knows,  
 " The wounds of honour, time can never close ;"  
 Her virtue sunk, to light can never rise,  
 Nor lustre beam from once guilt-clouded eyes.

\* Ladies can never too cautiously shun hypocrites in love, as the bane of female innocence and virtue.

Fix'd be thy mind, those pleasures to pursue,  
 That reason points as permanent and true ;  
 Think not that bliss can mingle with a throng,  
 Whirl'd by a tide of idle forms along :  
 Think not that Pleasure lives with Pomp and State,  
 Or soothes the bosoms of the rich and great ;  
 Think not to meet her at the ball, or play,  
 Where flirt the frolicsome, and haunt the gay ;  
 Think not she flutters on the public walk,  
 Or prompts the tongue that pours unmeaning talk ;  
 Or loves the breath of compliment to feel,  
 Or stamps on crowns her estimable seal.

True Female Pleasure, of more modest kind,  
 Springs from the heart, and lives within the mind  
 From noisy mirth, and grandeur's route she flies,  
 And in domestic duties wholly lies.  
 As fades the flow'r, that's rear'd with tender care,  
 When left expos'd to storms and chilling air ;  
 So fades the fair, in reason's sober eye,  
 That braves the crowd, nor heeds the danger nigh ;  
 Who giddy roves, with Folly's motley queen,  
 Nor loves the transports of a life serene,  
 Be thine the friendship of a chosen *few*,  
 To ev'ry virtue uniformly true ;  
 Be thine, the converse of some kindred mind,  
 Candid to all, but not to errors blind ;  
 Prudent to check or warn unguarded youth,  
 And guide thy steps in innocence and truth.

T

Tho!

Those who regard, will fulsome language wave;  
 And, in the friend sincere, forget the slave;  
 Will make, like me, your happiness its care,  
 Nor wink at specks, that render you less fair.

From *books*, too, draw much profit and delight,  
 At early morning, and at latest night;  
 But far, O far! from thy chaste eyes remove  
 The bloated page, that paints licentious love;  
 That wakes the passions, but not mends the heart,  
 And only leads to infamy and art!  
 Let Addison's and Johnson's moral page,  
 And Hawkesworth's pleasing style, thy hours en-  
 gage.  
 From Milton, feel the warm poetic fire,  
 Whom all the nymphs of Helicon inspire.  
 With Thomson, round the varied Seasons rove;  
 His chaste ideas ev'ry heart improve.  
 Let tuneful Pope instruct you how to sing,  
 To frame the lay, and raise the trembling wing.

Such be thy joys; and thro' this varied life,  
 Whether a maid, a mother, or a wife;  
 May fair content for ever fill thy breast,  
 And not an anxious care disturb thy rest;  
 May love, the purest passion of the skies,  
 Play round thy heart, and sparkle in thine eyes!  
 May all thy worth be virtue's sweet reward,  
 And goodness only claim thy just regard.

PICTURES OF THE TIMES.

[From Mrs. CHAPONNE's *Miscellanies*.]

A MODERN FINE LADY.

IF a modern Lady of Fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style: "I "can't, you know, be out of the world, nor act "differently from every body in it. The hours "are every-where late—consequently I rise late. "I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits "begin—or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a "concert—or to take a little exercise for my "health. Dressing my hair is a long operation— "but one *can't* appear with a head unlike every "body else. One *must* sometimes go to a play, or "an opera; though I own it hurries one to death. "Then what with necessary visits—the perpetual "engagements to card-parties at private houses, "and attendance on the public assemblies, to "which all people of fashion subscribe, the even- "ings you see are fully disposed of. What time "then can I possibly have for what you call do- "mestic duties?—You talk of the offices and en- "joyments of friendship—Alas! I have no hours "left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or "not at all.

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“ As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet; but “ we are both too much engaged to spend “ much time with each other. With regard to “ my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters—I can do no more “ for them. You tell me, I should instruct my “ servants—but I have not time to inform *myself*, “ much less can I undertake any thing of that “ sort for *them*, or even be able to guess what they “ do with themselves the greatest part of the “ twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, “ once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants “ attend me; and if they will not mind what the “ preacher says, how can *I* help it?—The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I “ *must* leave to the steward and housekeeper; for I “ find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just “ to look over the bill of fare when I am to have “ company, that they may not send up any thing “ dreadful or old-fashioned.

“ As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure “ you I am not ill-natured; and (considering that “ the great expence of being always dressed for “ company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, “ and public spectacles, leave me very little to dis- “ pose of) I am ready enough to give my money “ when I meet with a miserable object. You say, “ I should inquire out such, inform myself tho- “ roughly of their cases, make an acquaintance “ with

“ with the poor of my neighbourhood in the  
“ country, and plan out the best methods of re-  
“ lieving the unfortunate, and assisting the indus-  
“ trious. But this supposes much more time,  
“ and much more money, than I have to bestow.  
“ I have had hopes indeed that my summers  
“ would have afforded me more leisure; but we  
“ stay pretty late in town; then we generally  
“ pass several weeks at one or other of the water-  
“ ing places, where every moment is spent in  
“ public; and, for the few months in which we  
“ reside at our own seat, our house is always full,  
“ with a succession of company, to whose amuse-  
“ ment one is obliged to dedicate every hour of  
“ the day.”—So much for fashionable folly!

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## PATTERNS FOR THE GREAT,

OF BOTH SEXES.

SIR Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy ascetics nor frantic enthusiasts. They married from affection founded on long acquaintance and perfect esteem. They therefore enjoy the best pleasures of the heart in the highest degree. They concur in a rational scheme of life, which, whilst it makes them always cheerful and happy, renders them the friends of humankind, and the blessing of all around them. They do

not desert their station in the world, nor deny themselves the proper and moderate use of their large fortune; though that portion of it which is appropriated to the use of others, is that from which they derive their highest gratifications.

They spend four or five months of every year in London, where they keep up an intercourse of hospitality and civility with many of the most respectable persons of their own, or of higher rank; but have endeavoured rather at a select than a numerous acquaintance; and as they never play at cards, this endeavour has the more easily succeeded. Three days in a week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourse with what may be called *the world*. Three more are spent in a family way, with a few intimate friends, whose tastes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working table, or sometimes music, supply the intervals of useful and agreeable conversation. In these parties their children are always present, and partake of the improvement that arises from such society, or from the well-chosen pieces which are read aloud. The seventh day is always spent at home, after the due attendance on public worship; and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious instruction of their children and servants, or to other works of charity.

As they keep regular hours, and rise early, and as Lady Worthy never pays or admits morning visits, they have seven or eight hours every day,

free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and those of their children, the due attention to health, to economy, and to the poor, are carried on in the most regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarrelling with the world, or of shutting themselves up from it, to pass the greatest part of their time in a reasonable and useful, as well as an agreeable manner. The rest of the year they spend at their family seat in the country, where the happy effects of their example, and of their assiduous attention to the good of all around them, are still more observable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a sure resource and comfort in calamity, and a ready assistance to every scheme of honest industry. The young are instructed at their expence, and under their direction, and rendered useful at the earliest period possible; the aged and the sick have every comfort administered that their state requires; the idle and dissolute are kept in awe by vigilant inspection; the quarrelsome are brought, by a sense of their own interest, to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their disputes to Sir Charles's decision.

This amiable pair are not less highly prized by the genteel families of their neighbourhood; who are sure of finding in their house the most polite and

and cheerful hospitality; and in them a fund of good sense and good humour, with a constant disposition to promote every innocent pleasure. They are particularly the delight of all the *young* people, who consider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and assistance in any kind of distress, or in any scheme of amusement.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are seldom without some friends in the house with them during their stay in the country; but, as their methods are known, they are never broken in upon by their guests, who do not expect to see them till dinner-time, except at the hour of prayer and of breakfast. In their private walks or rides, they usually visit the cottages of the labouring poor, with all of whom they are personally acquainted; and by the sweetness and friendliness of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they so entirely possess the hearts of these people, that they are made the confidants of all their family grievances, and the counsuls to settle all their scruples of conscience or difficulties in conduct. By this method of conversing freely with them, they find out their different characters and capacities, and often discover and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the person they distinguish, talents which would otherwise have been for ever lost to the Public. *May every noble pair go and do likewise.*

THE

THE  
PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN early youth, ere thoughtful Care  
My brow had furrow'd o'er,  
I revel'd with the young and fair,  
That beauty's ensigns wore.

At length I vow'd, of wand'ring tir'd,  
At Hymen's shrine to bend;  
Could I but find, by love inspir'd,  
A prudent wife and friend.

On Phœbe first my eyes I cast;  
The maid was fair and young:  
I knew her witty, thought her chaste,  
But Phœbe—had a tongue.

Florella next put in her claim,  
Florella young and gay;  
And had she fix'd a constant aim,  
Had stol'n my heart away:

But she was lighter than the down  
That fails upon the air—  
The fickle toast of half the town  
Could not my heart ensnare.  
Then

Then Hymen I began to slight :  
 When, on a destin'd hour,  
 The bright Amanda met my sight ;  
 I sigh'd, and own'd her pow'r.

No study'd words, delusive smiles,  
 She us'd ; but, void of art,  
 Scorning the boast of subtle wiles,  
 She triumph'd o'er my heart.

She triumphs still ; no aid she takes  
 Of feature, shape, or air :  
 In forms like her's, 'tis virtue makes  
 The fairest of the fair.

Now, of each wanton breath the sport,  
 My bark is tost no more ;  
 With her I've made the happy port,  
 And all my cares are o'er.

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MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS  
 FOR THE  
 REGULATION OF FEMALE LIFE.

AN Imitation.

HEAR the words of Prudence, give ear unto  
 her counsels, and store them in your heart ; her  
 maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon  
 her ; she is the guide and the mistress of human life.

As

As a veil addeth to beauty, so are the virtues of a woman set off by the shade which her modesty casts upon them.

Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

When virtue and modesty enlighten the charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven; and the influence of her power superior to all \*.

The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey, the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Remember, O daughter, in the spring of thy youth, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispers in thine ear the meaning of their looks; hear with caution their seducing words, guard well thy heart, nor liisten to their soft persuasions.

Remember, that thou art man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desires, but to assist him in the toils of life, to sooth him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

\* In simple manners all the secret lies;  
Be meek and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.

Vain shew and noise intoxicate the brain,  
Begin with giddiness, and end with pain.

Affect not empty fame, and idle praise,  
Which dazzles, captivates, and soon betrays.

Who

Who is she that winneth the heart of man to love?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness; with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Decency is in her words, mildness and truth govern all her answers.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her conduct, and peace and happiness her sure reward.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the awe of her virtue keepeth them silent.

Happy the man that makes her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother.

The care of her family is her whole delight; to that she applieth her study; and elegance with frugality is seen daily in her mansion.

The prudent management of her household is an honour to her husband; and he heareth her praise with secret delight.

She traineth her children to wisdom, she fashioneth their manners from the example of her goodness.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearment; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Treasure up these words, ye daughters, in your minds; let them be sealed upon your hearts.

Would you form habits of sobriety, a spirit of sedateness, no-ways inconsistent with innocent mirth? you must frequently resort to the company

of

of the sober and sedate. But will not these be found chiefly among such as are farther advanced in years than yourselves? Should not you be ambitious of profiting by their experience and knowledge? And will not a respect for superior age, when possessed of superior discretion, often prove a seasonable restraint on the wildness of more youthful fancies? "He that walketh with wife men shall be wise," said the wisest of mortals. Is not this maxim equally applicable to *women*? G. W.

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THE  
WISE MAN's DIRECTIONS  
FOR  
CHUSING A WIFE\*.

WHENE'ER, my friend, you chance to find  
A female who attracts your mind,

Your choice a while suspend;  
Examine nicely first her *heart*,  
If incorrupt, if free from art;  
To that, be sure, attend:

For beauty soon familiar grows,  
Or fades, as hourly fades the rose,

Frail tenant of decay!  
But *virtue*, life's extremest length,  
Improving, shines, and grows in strength,  
With each succeeding day.

\* In these lines, ladies may learn what accomplishments constitute good wives, and make the married state happy.

This is the beauty worth your care,  
 And not the cheek, the lip, the hair,  
 The eye, the teeth, the mien ;  
 If no deformity disgrace,  
 You'll soon think that a lovely face,  
 Wherein good-nature's seen.

Be then the purpose of her heart  
 (Whom of yourself you'd make a part)  
 Confirm'd and well inform'd ;  
 In all things moral and divine ;  
 The virtues more attractive shine,  
 By true devotion warm'd.

Those virtues still have least alloy,  
 And best will bear a strict assay,  
 That on religion grow :  
 Others to fear, or interest, yield,  
 Or shrink, or meanly quit the field,  
 When storms of passion blow.

Let no vain superstitious fears  
 Create imaginary cares ;  
 For those, who mean the best,  
 Who've only honest ends in view,  
 Will carefully those ends pursue,  
 And leave to Heaven the rest.

If gratitude her bosom swell ;  
 If there kind generous pity dwell,

Meekness, and manly sense ;  
 If no desire for dress, or play,  
 Can lead her steady heart away,  
 Fear not her innocence.

Fair virtue, honour, candour, truth,  
 Alone maintain the charms of youth  
 Through every stage of life :  
 These with new lustre ever glow,  
 And, every day, new charms bestow  
 Upon the friend—the WIFE.

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### THOUGHTS ON POLITENESS.

AS a precious stone, when unpolished, appears rough, so beauty without good breeding is awkward and unpleasing. Nature, indeed, is at all times the same, but it does not discover its perfections till refined and improved by art. A genteel behaviour, though it cannot alter the shape and complexion of a fine woman, is, however, necessary to make her agreeable. Virtue, modesty, good sense, and good nature, will not make her completely attractive without it. It is not sufficient that a woman has good features, and a beautiful person, unless she knows how to set off her charms to the best advantage ; nor will the finest accomplishments make her irresistibly alluring, if they are

not properly improved by a good education, and embellished by a polite behaviour.

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### ON A LIBRARY IN A SUMMER-HOUSE.

HERE may the grave, the busy, and the gay,  
Amuse and yet improve the fleeting day,  
Review in ancient and in modern times,  
The patriot's prowess and the tyrant's crimes ;  
Contemplate Nature as the seasons roll,  
And trace her beauties from each distant pole :  
While the shrill lark at morn and evening hours,  
Gathers sweet odours from the vernal flow'rs,  
Then swiftly soaring tow'rds the azure sky,  
The heart enraptures, and enchant's the eye :  
May those whoe'er this fertile spot shall see,  
Reflect, kind Providence ! all comes from thee.

---

### THE ROSE.

#### ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY

SEE, on that rising thorny bush,  
The beauteous, fragrant half-blown rose ;  
Which op'ning now begins to blush,  
And rip'ning beauties does disclose.

I pluck'd

I pluck'd one in its radiant bloom,  
To deck the bosom of my fair;  
Whose breath exhales its sweet perfume,  
And spreads the flavour thro' the air.

But, see! an emblem of mankind,  
Whom time and death reduce to clay!  
And you, my fair, will quickly find,  
Your sweets, like these, will fly away.

Yet these, tho' wither'd soon and dead,  
A pleasing sweet do still retain,  
Fit to perfume your downy bed,  
Altho' they never bloom again.

Then see, that virtue's paths you trace,  
In these you will a pleasure find;  
And when that you have run your race,  
You'll leave a lasting sweet behind.

ON THE

DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE BROTHER.

BY A LADY.

O H-Thou! whose vent'rous muse sublimely bright,  
Above heaven's concave wings her daring flight,  
Spirit of Milton! once again descend,  
And to my feeble muse thy succour lend.  
Teach me, like thee, to mourn the hapless fate  
Of a lov'd Lycidas—like thee relate

A tale so piteous, and so like thy own,  
 That thou again, recalling years long flown,  
 Shall o'er thy *Lycid*'s tomb thy grief renew,  
 And think the tears that fall are friendship's due.

He too, like thee, could pour such melting strains,  
 As well might please the natives of the plains :  
 Still in the listening ear the sounds would stray,  
 Sweeter than oaten pipe, or *Doric* lay.  
 But when to loftier themes his soul aspir'd,  
 When heaven-born genius all his bosom fir'd,  
 Where'er in notes sublime his voice he rais'd  
 To sing the wonders of the God he prais'd,  
 The harmony divine trill'd thro' the breast,  
 And every brighten'd eye his power confess'd.  
 In manners gentle, in affections warm,  
 Skill'd in each art, each power the soul to charm,  
 With native honours bless'd, and genuine truth,  
 The fire of genius, and the glow of youth,  
 He fell!—the parting waves clos'd o'er his head ;  
 And murmur'd, as they clos'd, for *Lycid* dead.

Ah ! youth belov'd ! how shall I paint the grief,  
 Which rends the parent's heart, and mocks relief,  
 Thy sister's deep distress, and that still woe  
 Which fond remembrance long must cause to flow ?  
 Vain, vain attempt ! unequal flows the verse,  
 Which real sorrow tempts me to rehearse.  
 Yet will I cherish still the pleasing pain,  
 And bring thee, in idea, back again ;

Recalling

Recalling every song and note of thine,  
Each social strain which thou wert wont to join :  
Till warm imagination sees thee near,  
And more than mortal music strikes my ear.

Ah, gentle spirit ! how wilt thou forgive  
This weakness, that would wish thee still to live ?  
Again to tempt the shaft which envy throws  
At every heart where worth and genius glows !  
Then cease complaint, and cease this mournful lay,  
The faintest sorrow which my love can pay.

Farewell, my lov'd, lost Lycidas, farewell !  
Still in thy Sister's mem'ry shalt thou dwell ;  
And when again thy own sweet notes I sing,  
Hover around me on cherubic wing ;  
And waft the sound to angels listening near,  
For strains like thine, angels shall love to hear :  
Shall hear, and to their harps attune thy lays,  
And join with thee to sing their Maker's praise.

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AN ADDRESS TO HAPPINESS.

BY A LADY.

O HAPPINESS ! by all admir'd, pursu'd,  
How oft defin'd, how seldom understood !  
Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise ;  
They court our eager arms and longing eyes.

If

If thou art but a dream, an empty name,  
 Then why this active pow'r, this quenchless flame, }  
 By Heav'n implanted in the human frame ?  
 The great Creator, just, and good, and wise,  
 The wants of all his creatures well supplies.  
 Shall *man*, alone, unsatisfy'd remain ? }  
 And doom'd to ceaseless unavailing pain,  
 Must all his ardent wishes rise in vain ? }

No, there is nobler bliss for man design'd,  
 A happiness of an immortal kind.

Earth never can bestow the sov'reign good ;  
 The sacred word, unerring, points the road,  
 To happiness, to glory, and to GOD. }

But foolish mortals oft mistake the way,  
 In search of bliss on earth, we anxious stray,  
 And take a meteor for the lamp of day. }

Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair,  
 They tempt our feet thro' labyrinths of care,  
 Till catching at the prize we only grasp the air. }

Almighty goodness ! call our hearts and eyes  
 From these deluding, tempting vanities, }  
 And upward bid our ardent wishes rise.  
 O bid each fatal, fair illusion flee,  
 And let us seek for bliss, alone, in *thee*. }

PHILANDER AND ELOISA;

AN INTERESTING TALE,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

ELOISA was a woman of wit and beauty, but of an ambitious turn of mind.—In her twentieth year she married Philander, a person about the same age, and of an exceedingly agreeable disposition. No couple ever lived happier than Philander and Eloisa; their time passed in tranquillity and peace; their felicity was mutual, and Providence quickly blessed them with a son—sweet as the bloom of spring.

Philander now thought himself doubly happy: but, alas! how evanescent are all sublunary joys! In about six months time he was parted from his dear Eloisa, through the failure of one of the family. Reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, he retired to London, where, being a person of some learning, he soon got employment for his pen.

Eloisa, in the mean time, with a deal of persuasion, got his consent, though with great reluctance, to put the child to board, and to let her go in the capacity of nursery-maid to a lady in town. Her beauty, and her imprudently passing for a single woman, gained her many admirers. The flattery of coxcombs pleased her ear, and in a short time alienated her affections, in a great measure.

measure, from her husband. Philander, who seldom could have access to her, soon discovered a coldness and reserve in her behaviour, which pierced his heart.

“ I do not deserve this treatment, my dear Eloisa,” said Philander, one evening. “ It is but seldom I can see you, and then you hurry me away unhappy. Let us by all means live together.—We can live frugally, and I doubt not but Providence will assist our honest endeavours.” This proposal was rejected.

“ If we live together,” replied Eloisa, “ our family will increase, and we shall always be poor. No, Philander, we are now both getting money, and indeed I cannot think of coming to you till we are enabled to live as before.”

In fine, that she might not be troubled with his importunities, she retired from her place, and kept it a secret where she resided.

Philander, almost distracted with this piece of cruelty and ingratitude, for some time took to the bottle.—He drank, to forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.

This way of life, however, did not agree with the disposition of Philander. His conscience told him he was doing wrong.—“ What have I been doing?” said he to himself one morning, as he lay on his bed. “ I am ruining myself soul and body—for what?—for a woman who certainly has no regard for me. Let heaven revenge my wrongs;

"wrongs; I will continue this way of life no longer."—He from that time refrained excesses; and Providence, who ever looks with compassion on virtue struggling with distress, prospered all his undertakings. He soon retrieved his affairs, and lived much happier than before.

We must now return to Eloisa, who had for near four years acted the coquette, and had hitherto, it must be owned, kept her chastity inviolate;—but now the time was come, when she was going to swift destruction, had not Providence interposed. Chastity is a precious jewel, but soon lost. "We carry this rich treasure," as the apostle says, "in earthen vessels; and we carry it on slippery ground." It is like a fine mirror, beautiful to behold, but sullied with the least breath. None can safely say they will go so far, and no farther\*.

This was the case with Eloisa. She had so far forgot her husband and child, as to agree to elope with a gentleman, who, taking her for a single woman, had for some time paid his addresses to her. But the night before this iniquitous scheme was to be put in practice, she was seized with a violent fever. Conscience, that awful judge within our breast, which had long been torpid, now be-

\* It is impossible to tell how far persons who voluntarily run into the paths of vice, may go; the devil and their own corrupt passions may urge them on to the very brink of ruin and despair.

gan to upbraid her with cruelty and ingratitude to the tenderest of husbands. The crime, which she was about to perpetrate, appeared in all the horrors guilt could paint it.—The anxiety of her mind was visible to all present; but none knew the cause till she became delirious, when the terrors of guilt discovered all.

“ Hark ! what voice is that !” cried she, starting from her pillow, with distraction in her face.—“ It is my husband calls ! Poor injured man ! O hide me from his presence.”

“ O Mrs. Goodwill !” said she, when she came to her senses next morning, “ what shall I do ? I shall certainly die, and what will become of me ? I know not.”

The good nurse desired her to be comforted.

“ Be comforted !” replied she ; “ from whence can such a wretch as I expect comfort, who have basely abandoned, and I know not but have been the death of a husband, whose only fault was loving me too well ?—My poor child too ! who knows what is become of him ?—Perhaps at this instant he is weeping with hunger, and complaining of my cruelty and ingratitude, to the God of heaven.—O that I could but see my husband !—It would be a great alleviation to my misery.—But that is impossible—nor do I deserve so much mercy.—How often have I forced him from me, when his heart was almost bursting with anguish through my cruelty !”

The

The family, alarmed at her situation, inserted an advertisement in the papers, which happily came to her husband's perusal, who immediately took horse, and arrived at the house the same evening.

When he entered the room, she was in a doze.

"Eloisa," said he, stroking her cheek, "do you not know me?" She looked up, clasped her arms round his neck, screamed, and fainted.

"My dear husband," said she, coming to herself, "can you forgive my past conduct? Indeed "I never have violated my chastity—but God "knows—"

"I do forgive you," said he, pressing her to him in the tenderest manner, whilst a tear of pity and forgiveness stole down his cheek: "I do forgive you. Live and be happy—"

To conclude, she soon recovered her health, and is now an amiable pattern of conjugal fidelity and love.

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A M A N D A :  
OR THE  
FAIR SELF-DECEIVER.

A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

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*Self-deception often proves fatal delusion.*

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AMANDA is a young lady of the most amiable disposition. With an elegant form, she possesses a most uncommon degree of sensibility,

X

Her

Her parents reside at Bellfield, in a sequestered part of the country. Here she has few opportunities of being in society, and her time has chiefly been spent in reading. Books of sentiment, novels, and tender poetry, are her greatest favourites.

This kind of reading has increased the natural warmth and sensibility of her mind; it has given her romantic notions of life, and particularly warm and passionate ideas about love\*. The attachment of lovers, the sweet union of hearts, and hallowed sympathy of souls, are continually pictured in her mind.

Philemon, a distant relation of Amanda's, happened to pay a visit to Bellfield. Amanda's romantic notions had hitherto been general, and had no object to fix upon. But it is difficult to have warm feelings long, without directing them to some object. After a short acquaintance, Philemon became very particular in his attentions to her. Amanda was not displeased with them; on the contrary, she thought she saw in him all those good qualities which she felt in her own mind. Every look that he gave, and every word that he spoke, confirmed her in this. Every thing she wished to be in a lover, every thing her favourite authors told her a lover ought to be possessed of, she believed to be in Philemon.

Her parents perceived the situation of her mind. In vain did they represent to her the danger she was

\* An evident proof of the impropriety of young ladies reading such treatises.

in; and that she had not yet acquaintance enough of Philemon to know any thing with certainty about his character. She ascribed these admonitions to the too great coldness and prudence of age, and therefore disregarded them \*.

She was the dupe of her own wishes; and deceived herself into a belief that she was warmly attached to him, when it was only an ideal being of her own creation that was the object of her passion. Philemon may be worthy of the love of Amanda; and Amanda may be able to preserve the deception she is under, even after marriage; but her danger is apparent.

THE MIRROR.

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LOUISA M—:

OR THE

SENTIMENTAL WIFE.

A TRUE STORY, WRITTEN BY HER HUSBAND.

AT the age of twenty-two I succeeded to a paternal estate of £ 2000. Soon after the death of my father, to whom I was indebted for an excellent education, I set out on my travels; and, after making the grand tour, I returned to my native

\* This is too often the case respecting young people in general; they seldom like advice, and as seldom follow it; more the pity.

country at the age of twenty-six, and found myself possessed of a fortune more than sufficient for my wishes; with a sound constitution, a disposition to enjoy all the pleasures of society, and a heart susceptible of friendship and attachment.

Soon after my return, a fortunate accident introduced me to the acquaintance of Miss Louisa M—.

However accustomed to see and to admire beauty, yet I could not help being forcibly struck with that of Miss M—. Beauty, though it may dazzle for a moment, seldom makes a lasting impression on one who had seen so much of the world as I had. But there was something peculiarly interesting in the looks, and engaging in the manners of Louisa, that attracted me with an irresistible charm.

Even her artless simplicity, and ignorance of the world, rather pleased from its novelty. Accustomed to the *coteries* of Paris, and the society of women, whose conversation, ideas, and manners, differed little from that of the men with whom they lived, I was charmed with the *naïveté* of Louisa. In her observations there was a remarkable delicacy and justness of thought; often, it is true, accompanied with a degree of romantic wildness and enthusiasm, which, so far from displeasing, served rather to throw an additional charm around her.

I soon

I soon found that I was not indifferent to Miss M——; and having paid my addresses to her, was honoured with her hand. For some time after our marriage I was completely happy; and should have continued so, were it not for one single weakness in my Louisa, which has occasioned much uneasiness to us both; and will, I fear, embitter all our future days. 'Tis of such a sort, that I have no term by which to express it; I can only describe it by instances.

When I went home after my marriage, my neighbours naturally came to pay their compliments on the occasion. Although I sometimes would rather have dispensed with their presence, which I could not help feeling as an interruption to that happiness which I experienced in the conversation of my Louisa; yet common civility required that I should receive them with politeness.

One day, Sir George Hearty, an old friend of my father's, and ever warmly attached to the interest of our family, came to dine with me. As I knew that Sir George liked his bottle, I, though naturally averse to any approach to excess in the way of drinking, could not help indulging the good old man in a glass extraordinary.

When we rose from table, I found my wife in her apartment dissolved in tears. Astonished and affected to the last degree, I inquired the cause with all the impatience of the most anxious solicitude. At length she, with a look of melancholy that distressed me to my very soul, said, that she

found no happiness in any society but *mine*; and that if I loved like her, I could find no pleasure but in her's.

Not long after I received a letter from the son of an English nobleman, with whom I had been educated at school, and at college; and with whom I had ever after lived in habits of the strictest friendship, putting me in mind of an engagement I had come under when last in London, to shew him some parts of the Highlands of Scotland, and to pass some time with him there in grouse-shooting.

I immediately made the necessary preparations for this excursion, and not doubting that my wife would be happy to shew every mark of attention to the chosen friend of my youth, I wrote to him to hasten his journey to Scotland. When he arrived, it was with pain I observed that my Louisa, so far from participating the joy I felt at the sight of my friend, seemed to sink in spirits in proportion as I was overjoyed on the occasion.

I left her in a situation which distressed me at the time, and the reflection of which damped all the joy I should otherwise have found in the society of my friend. I shortened our excursion, although I saw it rather disappointed him, in order to get home as soon as possible. Instead of being received by my Louisa with that pleasure which I experienced in seeing her after this short absence, I found her still oppressed with that melancholy in which I had left her.

In

In a word, I find that my wife considers my partaking in any amusement, joining in any society, or engaging in the most necessary and essential business, as a mark of want of attachment and affection to her. That romantic turn of mind, which at first charmed me so much, and which her natural good sense has not enabled her to restrain within due bounds, leads her to see every object through a medium, very remote from the occurrences of ordinary life. So much for sentimental wives.

THE LOUNGER.

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LINES WRITTEN IN A GROTTO

NEAR LONDON.

YOU, who are led to this serene retreat,  
Where Contemplation holds unrivall'd sway,  
Stop—if Reflection you would dread to meet,  
And from her rigid mandates shrink away !

But if a vot'ry at soft Pleasure's fane  
(Allur'd by yon proud city's tempting powers),  
From day to day you join the thoughtless train,  
And in illusion waste life's choicest hours :

'T is you who chiefly want Reflection's aid,  
Bow then to Contemplation's power sublime,  
Here be your vows with pious fervour paid,  
And Reformation shall redeem your time.

But

But if curst Apathy pervades your breast,  
 And veils it 'gainst Conviction's heav'ly light;  
 The Goddess here your offerings will detest,  
 Nor will one favouring smile your vows requite.

And yet fair Virtue may have scatter'd seeds,  
 Which in your barren mind uncherish'd lie ;  
 Or, choak'd by Dissipation's baleful weeds,  
 Just spring to life, and blossom but to die!

Then enter here—to Contemplation bend,  
 Her power can raise the seed which Virtue sows;  
 From Folly's blights the tender plant defend,  
 Till vig'rous as the tow'ring oak it grows.

## VERSES ON A LITTLE GIRL

## BUILDING HOUSES WITH CARDS.

BEHOLD the little tender charmer,  
 Rearing up the paper pile !  
 Now a thousand fears alarm her ;  
 Flutt'ring, trembling all the while.

Soon to pretty Folly's thinking,  
 All her wishes will be crown'd :  
 Fate denies ! the fabric sinking,  
 Spreads a little ruin round !

Thus fond man, himself deluding,  
 Building fancy'd joys on high ;  
 Lo ! some sudden care intruding,  
 All his airy prospects die !

Lighter

Lighter than the watry bubble  
 Are the transports earth can give ;  
 Mix'd with sorrow, pain, and trouble,  
 Ever rising while we live.

ON THE  
 RIGHT USE OF RICHES.

RICHES, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,  
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly \* ;  
 The sense to value riches, with the art  
 T' enjoy them ; and the virtue to impart,  
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously purſu'd,  
 Not funk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude ;  
 To balance fortune by a just expence,  
 Join with œconomy, magnificence ;  
 With splendour charity, with plenty health,  
 Direct me, Virtue ! how t' employ my wealth.  
 That ſeeret rare, between the extremes to move  
 Of mad extravagance, and mean ſelf-love ;  
 To want, or worth, well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,  
 And try to emulate the care of heav'n ;  
 Wealth in the groſs is death ; but life, diffus'd ;  
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER :

AN INSTRUCTIVE ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN had two children, the one a daughter, who was very plain in her person ; the other a

\* Proverbs, xxiii. 5.

son, who was a great beauty. As they were at play together one day, they saw their faces in a looking-glass by standing in a chair; upon which, the boy seeing his beauty, was so charmed therewith, that he extolled it so highly to his sister (who took his self-commendations as so many reflections on her own plainness), that she went to her father, acquainted him with the circumstance, and complained of the rudeness of his reflections.

Upon this, the prudent gentleman, instead of being angry, took them upon his knees, and embracing both with the greatest tenderness, gave them this excellent advice: I would have you both look at yourselves in the glass every day; you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person, by the superior lustre of a virtuous and amiable conduct.

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### E P I T A P H

ON A YOUNG MARRIED LADY, AGED 24.

COULD this fair marble to the world impart  
Half of the woes that rend a husband's heart;  
Could it be taught to look with Nature's eye;  
Like friendship could it breathe the tender sigh;  
With each dear rapture bid the bosom glow,  
Love e'er could taste, or tenderness bestow;

Then

Then might it tow'r unblam'd amid the skies,  
 And not to vanity, but *virtue* rise.  
 Its noblest pomp the humble eye endure,  
 And pride, when most it swell'd, here find a cure.  
 Cease then; nor at the sov'reign will repine,  
 It gives, we bleſſ; it snatches, we resign:  
 To earth, what came from earth returns again,  
 Heav'n fram'd th' immortal part above to reign.

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## EPITAPH ON A LADY,

WHO DIED IN THE PRIME OF LIFE.

WHATE'ER the gifts of Nature could impart,  
 Whatever charm'd the eye, or warm'd the heart,  
 Beauty, by heav'n-born Virtue still approv'd,  
 Virtue by Beauty render'd most belov'd \*;  
 Whate'er kind Friendship, or endearing Truth,  
 For bleſſ old age had treasur'd up in youth,  
 What bleſſ old age, in its last calm adieu,  
 Might with applause and conscious joy review;  
 Reposes here, to wake in endless bliss,  
 Too early ravish'd from a world like this!  
 Where fair examples strike, but not inspire  
 To imitate those virtues all admire:  
 Yet listen, virgins! to this moving strain,  
 If she has *liv'd*, let her not *die* in vain.

\* A truly beautiful and virtuous woman is a character worthy the admiration both of men and angels; and will ever be approved of by God himself, as the most amiable part of his handyworks.

## EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY, AGED 18,

IN DORSETSHIRE.

A PLEASING form, an unpolluted mind,  
 Engaging manners, with affections kind;  
 But *filial* piety most conspicuous *bone*\*;  
 Her parents still her worth with sorrow own.

Calmly resign'd to what high Heav'n ordains,  
 From her sharp sufferings flow'd her richest gains†.  
 But ah ! each heaven-born excellence is fled,  
 And the dear maid lies number'd with the dead:  
 Dead ? No ! she lives a glorious life above,  
 And joins the angels songs of everlasting love.

\* Exodus, xx. 12.

† Our light affliction, which is but for a moment,  
 worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of  
 glory. 2 Corinthians, iv. 17.



THE END.

